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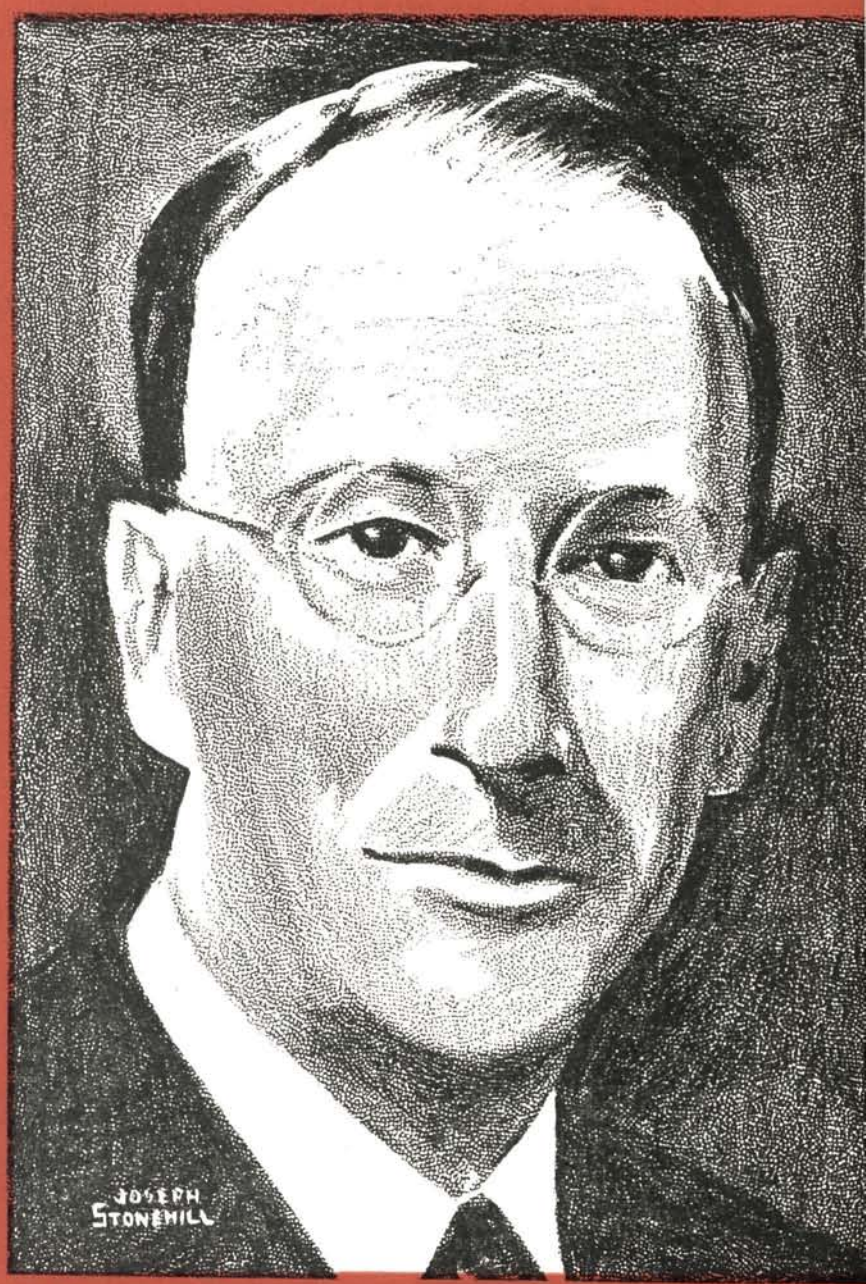

C. S. FORESTER goes down to the sea again to tell the story of Columbus's third voyage . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Afterglow in New England

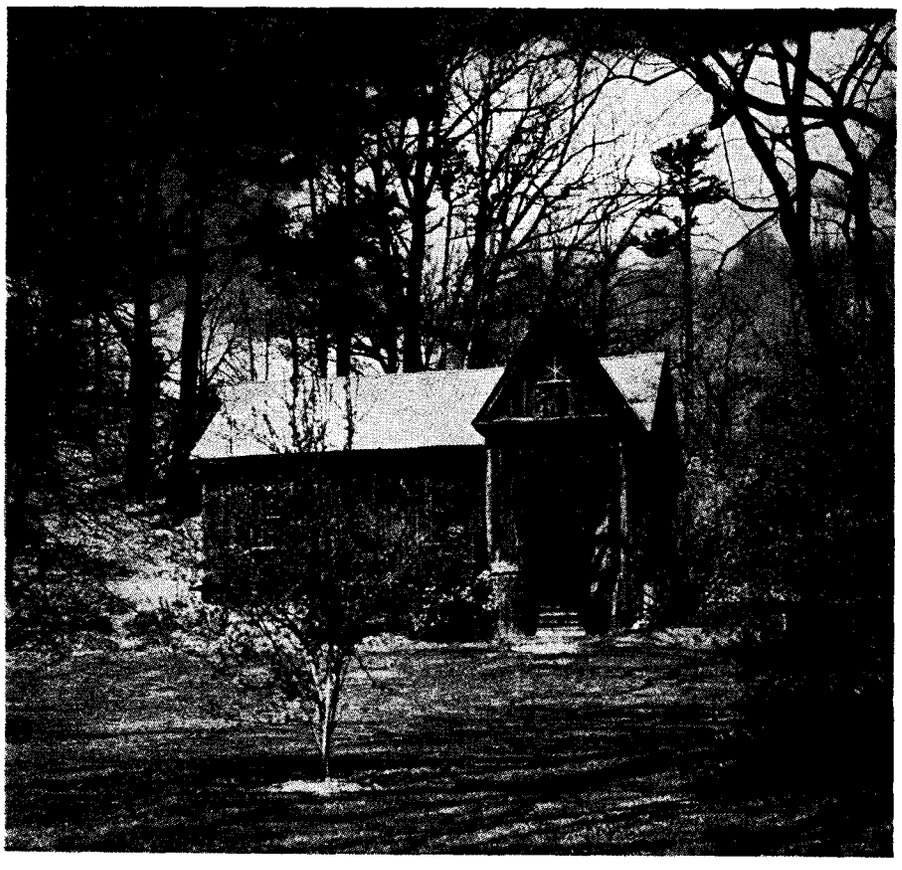
LAST OF A PREVIEW SERIES FROM "NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER"

VAN WYCK BROOKS

IN the mild air of the early eighties, a haze of Indian summer hung over New England. The heats and the rigors of the past were long forgotten, the passions of the war, the old crusades, and a mood of reminiscence possessed the people, for whom the present offered few excitements. Society had lost its vital interests, and the Boston mind was indolent and flaccid, as if the struggle for existence had passed it by. Its ambition seemed to be atrophied, except on the practical plane, and this was equally true in the rural regions. Many a clock had gone dead in hamlets that had hummed with life, where the men, it was often remarked, were torpid and listless; and farmers sat in the village stores, wagging their beards all day, chewing and whittling, as shiftless as Canada thistles. The old strain was wearing out, or so the Boston people said; but the region was tranquil and mellow, at least on the surface. In the absence of motives, its mind was becalmed; and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, with his nose for causes, could find no shield on which to break a lance. So he jogged about the country with a horse and buggy. Sometimes he collected ferns. Sometimes he ransacked the farms for spinning-wheels and colonial chairs and tables.

For the vogue of antiques had begun, both in people and objects. The story-tellers looked for types, as if the race were truly dying and one had to gather the relics before they vanished. Others gathered the shells it had left or was leaving, the grandfather's clocks and the claw-footed furniture, the pewter plates, the latches, the knockers, the lanterns. They picked up Sheraton highboys and Hepplewhite lowboys; they even collected wax flowers and funeral wreaths. The country was becoming a museum or a vast antique shop; and the sense of the past was omnipresent, with a feeling of decay and desolation. Had the Yankee mind really lost its vigor and its hold on the bounding modern world? It was certainly losing some of its characteristics. All manner of strange religions were taking root in Boston, where novel forms of spiritual dissipation seemed to be the order of the day. The seeress, Mrs. Eddy, had opened her Christian Science church, and swamis and mystics from Persia began to appear in drawing-rooms in a town that was ready for everything and amused by all. It was amused by Mrs. Jack Gardner, who walked down Tremont Street with a lion in leash, who hired locomotives when coaches were not fast enough and appeared at balls with a page to bear her train. The Anglo-Catholic church had risen, following Phillips Brooks's rise, and marking the gradual return of the colonial feeling. The new Back Bay streets and apartment houses also reflected this change: the names that most of them bore were notably English, Clarendon, Wellington, Hereford. In schools like Groton and Saint Paul's, the tendency to revert to England in educational methods, in sports, and in manners denoted the secession of the fashionable classes from the democratic forms of the old republic. The Anglo-Catholic movement had repercussions in literature soon, and it concurred with the growth of esthetic feeling, the most recent symbol of which was Trinity Church. Richardson had built this church in 1877, with the aid of John La Farge and Stanford White and the Franco-Irish-American sculptor Saint-Gaudens. Burne-Jones and William Morris had made windows for it.

Boston was prepared to see itself as others saw it, in this hour of elasticity and relaxation. Its days of storm and stress were past. It was ready to laugh at itself and its oddities and foibles, and Edward Everett Hale's vivacious sister, the witty, the sprightly Lucretia, improved the occasion at once



Bronson Alcott's Hillside Chapel on the Grounds of Orchard House (from "Lexington and Concord" by Samuel Chamberlain).

Where the American philosophers gathered at Concord

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with "The Peterkin Papers." This book was an amicable satire on the well-known culture that was everywhere associated with the name of Boston, and the Peterkins suggested the literary families that also abounded in Boston and its learned suburbs. They might have been drawn from the Alcotts, the Howes, or the Hales. With their innocent pedantry, their breezy gullibility, their high-minded faith in life and utter lack of common sense, they carried the traits of these families to a pitch of the absurd. Their "educational breakfasts" were one of the notes of a nonsense-Boston that might have been conceived by Edward Lear. Their bent for self-improvement, their conundrums at picnics, their zest for the acquisition of Sanskrit and Turkish, their joy in making life an object-lesson—studying the butter at table and including the cow—could only have been possible in a world that had known Elizabeth Peabody and the candors of transcendental Concord. But the book that recounted their adventures could only have been written when the day was already passing for these candors and joys.

In Concord itself one found the note of Indian summer, an afterglow of Transcendentalism. Emerson's early dream of a new university had had a late fulfillment at the Hillside Chapel. Alcott, on his lecturing tours, had met in the West numbers of students for whom the little town was a lode star and who were flocking thither in the summer, along with their New England condisciples, to sit at the feet of the Yankee worthies and sages. The redoutable William T. Harris was one of these students, a Connecticut man, like Alcott, who lived in Saint Louis, where he edited the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. Alcott and Harris joined hands, and the Concord School of Philosophy came into being. It was founded to counteract the materialistic tendencies of the current scientific thought, and there the Hegelian categories, introduced by Harris, mingled in the lectures and conversations with the modes of thought and speech of the days of the "Newness." The omnibus, the "Blue Plato," rumbled through the town, astir with Hypatias in muslin and straw-hatted Kants; and, sooner or later, two thousand neophytes sat on the rustic settees or gathered on the grassy stretches outside the chapel. The trees brushed the open windows, through which the murmuring summer sounds mingled with the voices of the speakers.

The school was Alcott's triumph. It had sprung from a conversation at Orchard House, beside which the Hillside Chapel stood, with its Gothic doors and windows, and the hardy old philosopher was the dean and leader. Under his elms stood the academy, the river was his Ilyssus now; for Emerson, who remained as a presence, was fading out. One saw Emerson, slightly stooping, with a shawl about his shoulders, patiently standing in line at the post-office wicket. He sometimes appeared at the school, and a reverential student now and then joined him for a stroll to Sleepy Hollow, perhaps with Elizabeth Peabody and Ellery Channing. As these ancient luminaries stopped for discourse at the foot of an oak, or moved from gravestone to gravestone, they always forgot their portfolios, their sticks, and their hats. The outlines of Emerson's personality remained firm and clear, but the details grew dimmer and dimmer as his memory waned; while Alcott, at eighty, was beginning a new career as a poet with a series of excellent sonnets addressed to his friends, the past or passing worthies of New England, Garrison, Dr. Channing, Thoreau and Hawthorne, Whittier, Phillips, Emerson and his daughter Louisa, who decked the Hillside Chapel with flowers and branches. These sonnets, noble and touching, had an unmistakable ring of authority, unlike the skillful exercises of most of the current sonneteers. Sometimes Miss Peabody presided at the sessions, sometimes Mrs. Howe, who was always at home in the "chair"; but the younger intelligentsia joined with the older, and the school was a lively parade of American thought. It lingered on through nine idyllic summers. There were courses on Goethe, Emerson, Dante, and Plato, on Buddhism, Homer, and Milton; and among the speakers were Dr. McCosh of Princeton and President Porter of Yale, Higginson, Frank B. Sanborn, Charles Peirce, and Stedman. Harrison G. O. Blake read from Thoreau's unpublished journals. William James and John Fiske, representing Cambridge, lectured on psychology and religion, and Julian Hawthorne spoke on novel-writing. Thomas Davidson scandalized some of the students by comparing Zola with Jesus.

Thus, for a season, once again, Concord swarmed with earnest thinkers, as forty years before at the time of *The Dial*. Young men and maidens, aging sibyls who sometimes wore their skirts inside out, white-haired reformers and prophets with a gleam in their eye threaded the winding woodpaths, and the glens and hills reëchoed with their talk. They hovered about the Manse, they visited the battlefield by moonlight, and they added their stones to the cairn on the site of Thoreau's hut, while, unconscious of all observers, Emerson's daughter Ellen ambled about the roads on her large grey don-

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Companion to Columbus

TO THE INDIES. By C. S. Forester. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1940. 298 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN this novel Mr. Forester goes down to the sea again, to tell the story of Columbus's third voyage as it was seen through the eyes of Narciso Rich, eminent jurisconsult of Aragon and leading authority on the maritime code of Catalonia.

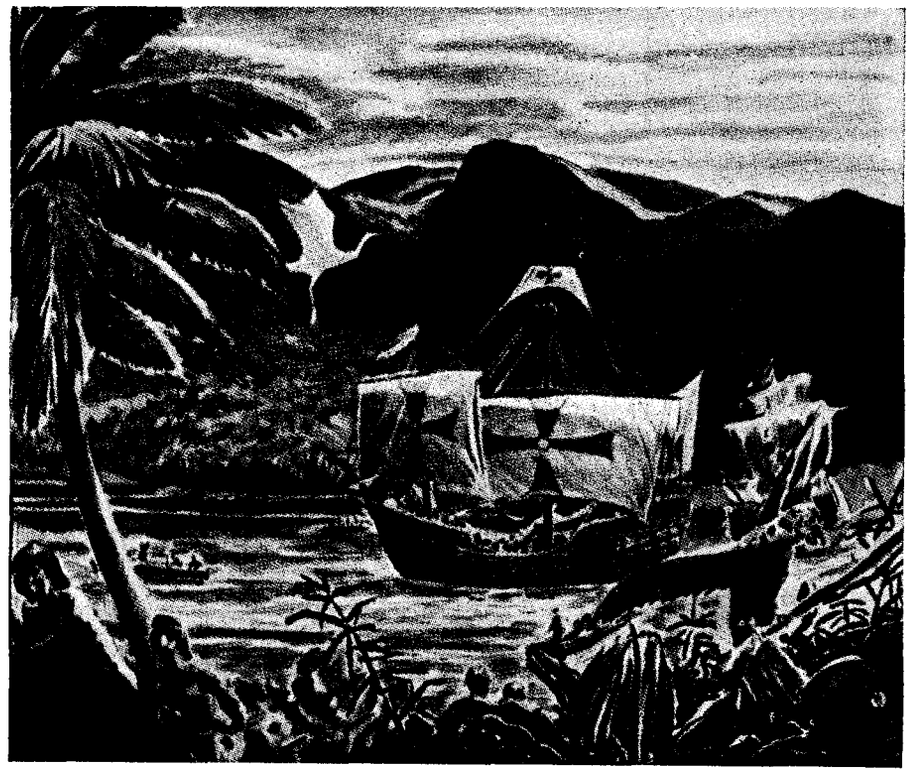
Portly Don Narciso, comfortably forty and long celibate, was neither sailor, soldier, nor adventurer, and his ambition reached towards none of those careers; but a reckless, half-jesting word committed him to all three. When King Ferdinand, thinking of the royal interests, decided that a lawyer should accompany the great Admiral on his new expedition to the Indies, Don Narciso was so unwise as to suggest that he might go himself. The King asking nothing better, the expert in maritime law was well trapped. A few months later he was washing a pair of verminous breeches, in a crowded ship that stank under a burning sun, some distance off the yet unsighted and unnamed island of Trinidad. His novel careers were launched beyond recall. Don Narciso was to learn rapidly.

While the *Holy Name* lay in the Gulf of Paria he was to make his first acquaintance with natives so innocent that both war and commerce were unknown to them; and from the Gulf he was to command a longboat while it probed for days into the rivers north of the Orinoco, seeking a passage to the land of the Great Khan, or perhaps Ophir itself. He was to discover that an alligator is neither so easily attacked nor as edible as an iguana, and personal observation was to make him doubt the infallibility of Pliny as a naturalist. As for other doubts—that the world might be much larger and the true Indies more distant than the Admiral thought—he would learn to keep them to himself. Concerning the probable locations of the Tree of Knowledge and the Fountain of Youth, and the almost certain location of the Golden City of Cambaluc, the dreaming Admiral was an authority who brooded no disagreement.

At San Domingo, Don Narciso would watch sixteen Indians being burned alive, and elsewhere on the island of Española he would join in the lively sport of slaughtering rebellious but defenceless natives from the saddle of a galloping horse. Later he would be kidnapped by a group of hot-headed hidalgos and forced to navigate a two-masted caraval in quest of a vast country full of gold. He would manage, somehow, to play the navigator until a hurricane had smashed his ship to kindling and flung him on a tiny islet. Then he would succeed in making his return, by sea and land, to San Domingo, whence he would sail at last on the same caraval that was carrying the Admiral, loaded with chains, back to the mercies of his royal patrons. And during all these months he would grow so hard and lean that he could look forward to the delight of "building up once more the corpulence essential to the dignity of a successful professional man."

Here would seem to be a tale made for Mr. Forester's hand, abounding in romance and color, packed with action, offering rich opportunities for verbal seamanship and chances for irony and humor. Yet it is far from his best work. In it he holds his reader with a more languid grasp than is his habit. "The Gun" had to be read at a sitting: the drive of its straight-line narrative permitted neither halt nor detour. The novels of the Hornblower trilogy, with heroic episode topping heroic episode, communicated an excitement that was irresistible and a romantic satisfaction that was complete. "The General" proved that Mr. Forester could make unfolding character as fascinating as unfolding action. But it is quite possible, while reading "To the Indies," to break off to walk around the garden, brush the dog, telephone for cigarettes—and then return to the story with no sense of time lost or keen anticipation of things to come. Stirring as its incidents should be, they stir but mildly. The pace of the narrative is uneven; the interest does not mount. Perhaps the author's sense of timing has for once deserted him. But I think the explanation is that Don Narciso is unequal to the central role. We do not really care very much what happens to him, whereas we cared greatly in the cases of Hornblower and "the gun," not to mention the gun's successive masters—El Bilbanito, O'Neill, and Jorge. And, that being said, it becomes obvious that character plays a more important part in Mr. Forester's best tales of violent action than is at first apparent. It is Hornblower's character that gives edge and meaning to his exploits. But with Don Narciso failing us, and the Admiral only faintly sketched, "To the Indies" is little more than action for action's sake.

Ben Ray Redman, who appears in these pages regularly, is a literary critic and author who was formerly associated with book publishing in New York, and who conducted the column, "Old Wines in New Bottles," in the New York Herald-Tribune *"Books."*



From the jacket design of "To the Indies"

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Light on the Mysterious

MATHEMATICS AND THE IMAGINATION. By Edward Kasner and James Newman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 380 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THIS book, which lives up to its title in every way, might well have been merely terrifying, whereas it proves to be both charming and exciting. Even minds normally predisposed to shy at precise definitions and the logical derivation of consequences therefrom, can hardly fail to be attracted to so engaging an exposition of what is to be found in the mathematician's chamber of horrors. No more amusing work has appeared in the field since Sylvanus Thompson in "Calculus Made Easy" undertook to demonstrate that "what one fool can do another can" and advanced the thesis, susceptible of easy proof, that the holy consistory of the science have with *malice prepense* kept their mystery mysterious in order to dazzle the unilluminated.

Professor Kasner and Professor Newman are in full agreement with the most unprofessorial Thompson, and have come as near to removing difficulties which lie in the layman's way as any one is likely to for a long time. As they point out, it is the very nature of the craft to abridge and abbreviate with agonizing accuracy. And this process automatically makes mathematics "the science of easy names for hard ideas." The layman's tendency is to be vague, to use words loosely, to shift meanings from sentence to sentence. And when he encounters severe beings who have no sympathy with his weakness, he is apt to shrink back with the pathetic whimper of the incapable from what frequently is not so desperately incomprehensible. But unlike the rank and file of their colleagues, the authors of this delightful and remarkable book recognize the layman's habit of mind as their main difficulty, and not only explain hard things with an unfamiliar clarity but also explain easy ones with an unfamiliar courtesy, which last is an even greater proof of their capacity.

It is the same with all departments of the subject. Numbers, transcendental or imaginary, suddenly live with significance. One looks the square-root of minus one in the eye, only barely flinching. Non-Euclidean geometries turn out to be not only entertaining but almost friendly. It is possible to contemplate the tesseract, for all its eight bounding cubes, its sixteen vertices, twenty-four faces, and thirty-two edges, without fear of personal injury. Chance and the calculus come out into the open. Curtate cycloids cease from troubling. And topology, that grisly haunted castle of the mind, may be entered without particular peril. One may even admit to a sense of guilty fascination with respect to the Möbius strip-tease.

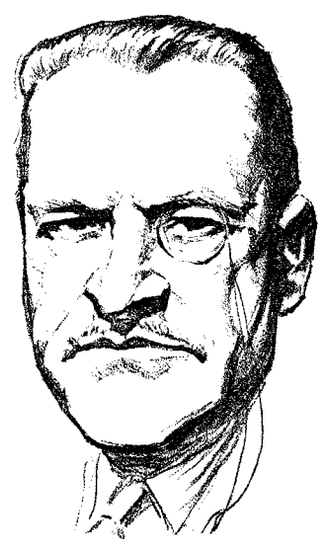
Briefly and seriously the book seems to the reviewer as good as it is possible for such a work to be. The worst one could say of it is that some jocosities which are meant to lighten hard blows at soft heads would go better in an after-dinner speech than they do on the printed page. Which is no more than to state the truth that not even a mathematician can be funny all the time. But such cavilling is silly. There is not a page in the book where the inexperienced layman cannot see with very little difficulty what the authors are driving at. There is not a page where they are not driving at Snarks which are also Boojums. Neither this book nor any other will enable one to perform the operations of the science without hard labor at the oar in the galley. But no book whatever, known to the reviewer, not Sylvanus Thompson's iconoclasms, not Whitehead's charming little treatise, is so apt to develop the sort of interest which helps to shorten servitude at the rowing-bench.

English Maupassant

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 310 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SOMERSET MAUGHAM is usually a good craftsman, a natural born story teller, and an engaging appraiser of his own talents. Many reviewers have been quoting most of his short foreword to this new volume. He is probably, as he says, nearing the end of his inventive powers but the average of his work is still high. He knows that perfection is seldom achieved. "It is a rare and happy event when he conceives the idea of a story, writes it at the precise moment when it is ripe, and treats it in such a way as to get out of it all it implicitly contains." He is also subject to the predilections of his critics. I have already seen his story "Lord Mountdrago," in this volume, lauded as the best in the book and decried as the worst. I am indebted to a playwright for the opinion that the last page of "The Lion's Skin" is entirely unnecessary, an opinion with which I am inclined to agree. And although the spectacle of "The Three Fat Women at Antibes" would not seem to be of great import, somehow it remains in my mind as one of Maugham's most genuine tales.



Somerset Maugham

At his best he is an admirable observer; at his worst he is apt to spread on color too lavishly and thicken the dramatic values. But he is one of the few who can deal with sex honestly; and he is both sophisticated and astute. In "The Treasure" the suppressed humor, to me an entirely healthy sort of humor, is his own particular brand. The two stories of the French penal settlement present deep irony mixed with horror. In two other stories he demonstrates his real knowledge of public performers and singers. The slightest of all the tales is the last, "The Facts of Life," dealing with the education in money and sex of a pretty banal young man. My own opinion of "Lord Mountdrago" is that it sounds to me quite "contrived"; and, in spite of a labored ending, "The Lion's Skin," the story of the man who yearned so to be what is known as a "gentleman," that is, a man essentially noble in his reflexes —yearned so that he actually became in death that for which he yearned— is the best in the book. If Mr. Clifton Fadiman thinks "'Lord Mountdrago" will be long anthologized, I, on the other hand, lay my money on "The Lion's Skin." I'm glad so adept a writer was recently rescued after an extremely harassing war experience. You could call him the English Maupassant and not be far off the track.

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Complacency and the Public Polls

T. V. SMITH

THE Gallup poll is better norated than known. This book* helps its technique catch up with its reputation: it explains the method of sampling whereby the opinions of a few are taken to reflect the opinions of the many, defends the theory and practice involved, and tabulates the major results of Dr. Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion. The authors believe their technique a dependable short-cut to that vague but powerful thing called public opinion. They remind us that democracy is on trial and that one main test of its capacity to survive is the adequacy, accuracy and rapidity of official estimates of public opinion.

The claims of the authors may be reduced to three: (1) public opinion can be measured; (2) public opinion is being measured by them; (3) public opinion should be measured, more and more and better and better.

On the first two claims the book is fairly convincing, that public opinion can be scientifically gauged and that in fact it is being progressively well gauged. On the easy level of understanding where all this moves, the cautious will take continuing success as the test of merit, thus adding to their faith in Gallup the protective clause "so far forth." Since to establish these two claims with proper caution is the major import of the book, we might simply say, with our thanks, that the book is solid science in the field of citizenship—and stop at that.

At that, however, no philosopher would be able to rest—nor many legislators happy to stop. Indeed, the authors go thoughtfully beyond that stop. Gadgets—and the Gallup poll is so far but a social gadget—justify themselves at last, like all things else, in terms of the common good. Otherwise gangsterdom is as good a gadget as any.

The third claim, is, therefore, the most important. *Should* public opinion be measured? Do the Gallup polls constitute *significant* contributions to the process and the progress of the democratic way of life? That is the question worthy of a philosopher and one being raised by not a few legislators. The authors devote a substantial segment of the book to that line of thought. But the answer to that question, while not negative, is yet not easy; for it goes beyond technology, and plows beneath science, in quest of a foundation for both.

Legislators clearly need to know prevailing public opinion, and insofar as Gallup or anybody else can give it to them, the poll helps the legislative process along. The first arresting thing about all this is, however—if my own judgment about legislators be dependable—that they are negligibly influenced by these polls, much less influenced by them than Dr. Gallup appears to think. They quote them with glee if the polls are agreeable to what they already believe; but if the polls are disagreeable, the legislators say that "they don't mean anything," that "Gallup takes figures out of his own head," and they even ask again and again, "Were you or anybody you know ever polled by Gallup?" (Nor have I ever heard an affirmative answer in the cloakrooms of Congress to that line of questioning). This apologetic attitude—negative or positive—might be but the evidence needed finally to damn legislators; but you will hardly expect a legislator to take it so. I take it, rather, to mean that with legislators the theory that they are elected to represent the wills of their constituents is not enough.

A Gallup Poller makes a house-to-house canvass.

It is of course one ancient and honorable theory of the relations of elected men to those who elect them. But there is another theory of this relation equally ancient if not more honorable: that the legislator is elected to find and to do what is right, leading the public and correcting its opinion as they go along together. To say the least, this theory lies alongside the other in legislative minds, though it seems at times to be dryly honored in the breach. The Gallup poll proceeds primarily upon the first theory. It contributes substantially so far as that theory prevails, and is justly relegated to mere means so far as the opposite theory prevails. But at the least it has this positive importance: it reveals to the legislator what and how much he must explain when he gets back home (unless public opinion has changed meantime—and more and more the poll can tell him that, too!). At the very least, then, the dependable poll can give to the legislator a scientific setting for his creative, his educative, his moral task.

If the poll is taken primarily otherwise, even to bolstering the first theory, it is in my opinion largely pernicious; and that goes for constituents as well as for legislators. The notion that public opinion is basic in a democracy involves in the long event the theory that public opinion is right (that the majority will is wiser than the will of any mere minority). In this event it is the rightness rather than the opinion that counts for most. It is no criticism of the importance of polls *where they are important* to say that they are for the most part necessarily concerned with answering second-rate rather than the first-rate questions as touching the democratic way of life. I say "necessarily" because they cannot ordinarily give systematic reasons for the opinions which they announce.

Now public opinion is important, but chiefly for the reasons of rightness on which it rests. Presented without these reasons, public opinion has an influence morally equivocal upon legislators and constituents alike; for then it may make impotent if not indeed unfelt the duty of legislators to change wrong opinions and it may make constituents complacent to the

(*Continued on page* 14)

**THE PULSE OF DEMOCRACY: The Public Opinion Poll and How it Works. By George Gallup and Saul F. Rae. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 335 pp., with index. $2.50.*

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REAL WRITERS NEEDED

THE essay by Mr. Granville Hicks in a recent number of this *Review,* raises some very interesting questions as to the functions of literature in a time of national disturbance. He seems to think that the frustrations of the American writers of the twenties and thirties, who were in constant conflict between their passionate interest in social doctrines and their vocation as novelists or poets, may lead in our time to an outburst of mysticism or a reversion to the art for art's sake of the nineteenth century. Or so we understand him. But surely that is not the only conclusion to be drawn from his own arguments.

There never has been much lasting literature produced in times of confusion. The best has usually been written after the fact of disturbance, as in the case of Milton and (presumably) Homer, or away from it, as with the work of Jane Austen. What can a writer, who is also an artist, do if he is involved in the turmoil of a society in readjustment, spiritually involved, intellectually involved, perhaps physically involved? Does he inevitably turn to mysticism or art for the sake of art?

No well read student of literature and of art can think so, since there is an obvious job for the creative worker in the midst of the melée. That it is a hard one, seldom successfully executed, should not deter him, or send him running to his bomb-proof ivory tower. That job has been defined by hundreds of critics. It is not lecturing nor propaganda nor prophecy nor escape, though the last item has its place in the literary progress. What a troubled civilization requires of its literature is, first of all, an intuitive and interpretive picture of its own imagination. Nothing is more important, nothing more confusing and obscure, veiled as it is under the illusions of consciousness, than the qualities of this imagination.

Let us, as Americans in general, ask ourselves, some questions. What, if it exists, is the true nature of the sense of unities among us? Of our disunities? What sets of prejudices does this old American from Maine, or this second-generation Slav from New York, carry in his head? How far alive, and in what way alive, is the American tradition in a Kansas, or a Connecticut, environment? What is this tradition, when, and if, it is present and working in the psychology of an individual? What have the frustrations and delusions of economic change done to the college professors, the carpenter, or the industrialist remembering his gilded age? What changed man, what changed woman, has resulted from the maturity of pessimism in this country, with its obvious and radical alterations in sexual opinion, and, more importantly, in married life? What does your boy or girl hope for, expect? It is not what you expected, or hoped for. How much of conscious thought, how much of subconscious emotion, is governed by the radio? Who hates in this country, and what? Who loves beyond sex, and why? Where and on what level is the ineradicable instinct for religious renewal functioning? How far, in our concern with comfort and the satisfactions of vanity and the wish for economic equality, have we lost knowledge of our own deep desires in conforming to the well advertised expectations of a standardized nation? Is the American way of life a pattern or a passion? What images, if any, of sharp outline, and lasting significance, are evolved by the name "American" roared over the radio, spread over the press? What, for instance, is the meaning of communist, fascist, radical, alien, foreign, native, patriotism, Americanism, subversive, reactionary—those words, round and polished like David's pebble, slung at everyone's head?

Dozens of books, sociological, psychological, statistical, historical, interpretative, polemical, passionate, and passionless, are trying to answer these questions—the number still appearing seeming to indicate that few or none of them have been answered yet. And these books, some of them invaluable, contain the facts with which so few ever concern themselves.

But fiction, drama, and poetry, while avid for facts see first and last the persons, the people. It is you as a synthesis, acting and imagining, not you as an analysis spread on a table, that excites them. They do not have to formulate your philosophy—though they may—but a picture of your imagination they must have. And this picture is an intuitive perception, which makes your reactions to the questions listed above into implications, with a typical quality, of what we are and may be in human contact with a present reality.

But this is an achievement of the greatest importance if it can be brought about in a time of confusion. There is an unusual and passionate desire among the intelligent to see plain how others are taking it, and then to understand, from typical experience, one's own. It was Balzac, not the economists, who gave to the readers an emotional understanding of the results of competitive materialism. Lincoln, as a sad idealist, is the creation of his own great speeches. Mr. Hicks, in his survey of the frustrations of the writers of the twenties, has failed to see that Sinclair Lewis, in his creation of Babbitt, added another of those great literary figures which represent a prevailing imagination of their times, to the list which contains Hamlet.

All this, and the opportunities of the born writer in the midst of tumultuous action, would be clearer if there were less talk of art and ivory towers or the duty of the artist to take part in the struggle, and more of the need to know what the imaginations of men and women are doing to them and to us. The definition of the creative artist is an observer, a feeler, a thinker who can, by the art of representation, do just that. If a writer cannot, let him get to work with the rest of us, and stop bothering whether what he does is propaganda, preaching, or anything else. But if he is a creator, there is a good job waiting.

H. S. C.

Yankees

By Alfred Kreymborg

AMERICANS are always on the run.
See how the restless Pilgrim reappears,
The settled father challenged by the son
Who led the Mississippi pioneers!

Hasn't the West responded: what do we dread?
See how we ape the prodigal and sue
The breast of Mother Europe and the dead
To give our unrest something else to do!

Luckily now and then, an Emerson,
A man of songful acts, a Robert Frost,
Finds underfoot adventures of the sun
And all the rain conceives, are maps embossed
By Nature and by men who've never lost
The universal acre they've begun.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Luxury Habit

SIR:—Because of the general excellence of Mr. Mortimer J. Adler's opus on reading, it was impossible for me to become more than mildly indignant over that crusading chapter in which all those who are in earnest search of elusive knowledge are urged to mark up in a lavish manner the books they read. But when, in the *SRL*, Mr. Adler returns to the charge so cajolingly, it is time for men of good will to mount the barricades. Taking notes on what one reads is a harmless, and, under certain conditions, mildly intoxicating custom. But let the notes be made on scratch paper or in note-books. Books are made not only to be owned, but to be lent. Readers of moderate, or no, means must keep up the fellowship of books by lending and borrowing. Unlike Mr. Adler and myself, most of them do not work at a trade which gives them access to fine libraries. But, says Mr. Adler, mark up your books, and don't lend them, or your innermost flashes of brilliance will become common property. He would make the possession of books a private vice.

And, by the way, why is Mr. Adler so worried at the hideous possibility of his patients falling to sleep over their books? In "How to Read a Book" he declaimed vigorously against comfortable chairs. It is impossible, it seems, to keep awake when reading unless one is seated at grim attention. And in the *SRL* article Mr. Adler states very solemnly that "it (marking up a book) keep you awake." How much does Mr. Adler weigh?

T. S. HAYES.
University of Puerto Rico
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico.

Julian Meade

SIR:—Julian Meade is dead. It seems strange that while so many who are plunging our lives into an abyss of despair and chaos live on and seemingly enjoy joyous health and happiness that one whose sole object was to bring something of the finer things to the fore should suddenly be shunted off this planet to somewhere else. It reminds me of Joseph Bear who never could understand why his father, just when he was doing so much good as a missionary, was taken away. Joe seemed to think greater things were in store for his father. I hope it is the same for Julian.

It is the children who will miss him most. The Tall Man of "Teeny and the Tall Man" will never again write those fascinating little stories that delighted youngsters so much. I do hope he finished the last children's book he was working on right up to almost the end of his illness.

Julian Meade was not what you could call exactly popular in his home town. That was because his characterizations were too easily recognized, but in any town in the South we can meet the same people. His first book was probably a mistake—we will grant that; yet I venture to say that Julian Meade's books will grow in stature and we will be even prouder of him later on than we are now. Isn't that how it has always been, though?

WALTER MCMANN, M.D.
Danville, Va.

"This rejection slip has literary merit—send the *Saturday Evening Post* a check."

Youth in Difficulties

SIR:—I would like to reply to your editorial, "What Can Be Said to the Young." (*SRL*, June 22) I believe the subject of human nature to be as scientific and as worthy of research as other subjects. It is a department of knowledge wholly intangible. Progress in this department of learning can be judged by fundamentals so illusive yet so commonplace we will have no trouble recognizing true knowledge. What I am leading up to is this, that here is a subject needing research as much as other fields of discovery. I believe you will agree on this.

Because publishers are swamped with "messages to humanity" they are forced to draw the line on all but recognized authorities. If a man divided his time with the requirements of a profession he will not have time and energy left for advanced study in human traits, and by advanced study I mean the finding of the laws of human nature, man's original endowment, how our qualities first come into being, how they deflect from the desirable and how they grow. This is a full time project the same as those pursued by workers in medical research, etc. The subject needs the lone worker, the man who gives a life-time to one project. On the other hand what benefit is it to humanity that he works if he is denied an outlet for his findings?

Now I'm in sympathy with the problem of both sides. I know the publisher must spare the public the reading of trash about humanity and our ills. I've read enough of such to be entirely grateful that it never breaks into print. The problem is an acute one. I don't attempt to offer a solution, but only remind you that youth today will find himself in the same difficulties that we, who were young years ago, and hopeful, have given up as unsurmountable.

QUINTILLA REED.
Nevada City, Calif.

Blitzkrieg on Blitzkrieg

SIR:—I own to a feeling of mingled disgust and disapprobation at the way some of our writers have adopted that detestable word: *Blitzkrieg*. This word is doubly detestable because of its destructive, cruel and bloody connotation. It is a savagely uncivilized word, at best, and why any English-speaking writer should want to use it, give it currency or popularized it is beyond comprehension. Writers who are susceptible to the finer emotions, who have the delicate sense to catch the feeling of their words will eschew that bloody German word, *Blitzkrieg*.

GEORGE W. LYON.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Respect for a Goddess

MAID NO MORE. By Helen Simpson. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1940. 322 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

AT some time during the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell, two women were whipped for preaching at Oxford, and a young Fellow of Magdalen, named Coninsby, was indirectly responsible for this. Later on, by a singular coincidence, the three of them were passengers on the *Nonsuch,* sailing westward. The *Nonsuch,* an ill-found slaver, vaguely reached St. Jago in the Cape Verde islands, and took on a cargo of thirty slaves. At this point, the reader will have realized that he is in the middle of a fantasy; and will refrain from asking unnecessary questions: for the success of "Maid No More" depends upon its ability to fend off two inquiries—"Why?" and "How?"

So long as it obeys the rules of fantasy, "Maid No More" is a most agreeable tale. Not the least of the rules (some people think that this is the only rule) is that fantasy should not bring in the problem of Right and Wrong. When Coninsby worries himself over the quality of his love for Mary Askill, we find him a bore. He is talking the language of our world. Mary, on the other hand (having revealed her love for Coninsby during one of her preaching ecstasies) is quite ready to become Coninsby's mistress—God has advised her to follow her instincts. Mary and God, therefore, are obeying the rules; they are not bothering their heads over what is right or wrong; and we do not find them boring at all. So, too, when the slaves climb out of the hold and slaughter the crew in order to offer a blood-libation to Mary (whom they take to be a goddess), we find this appropriate: not because they have triumphed over their oppressors—it would take a very different kind of book to explain that—but because this is a very good way of showing one's respect for a goddess.

The *Nonsuch,* aided by providence, finally reaches an island in the Bay of Honduras. The little group settles down after a fashion; but in a short while, tragedy—in the shape of some Portuguese soldiers—overtakes it. Coninsby is killed, and God, who has courteously withdrawn in his favor, once again takes possession of Mary Askill. She leads her people back to the *Nonsuch;* a high wind and tide drive it out to sea; and it sinks.

Apart from its ending, which is a little awkward, "Maid No More" does what it sets out to do. It is good fantasy. True, there are times when its characters, forgetting that they do not belong to a real world, threaten to become mountebanks or moralists; there are times when the prose loses its simplicity and strives for those effects which can be achieved, perhaps, only by the Sylvia Townsend-Warners and the Virginia Woolfs of this world. At such times, the whole story is in danger of dissolution. The fact that it does not dissolve, that it never sinks into the commonplace or the nonsensical, is sufficient proof of the restraint and skill of its author.

Norman Collins

A Baptist Cassandra

GOLD FOR MY BRIDE. By Norman Collins. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 435 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

NORMAN COLLINS has succeeded where many novelists have failed: he has written an interesting, almost exciting, novel about extremely dull people. The backgrounds are drab, the characters, although not oversimplified, lack those tortuous complexities which are the be-all and end-all of much current fiction, and opportunities for melodrama and riotous comedy are conscientiously neglected in an effort to achieve verisimilitude and unadorned strength. The backgrounds of middle class homes and shops in shabby Paddington, and the activities of the Amosites—a Baptist Dissension sect—are meticulously and accurately constructed. Although the fantastic Amosite brand of four-square fundamentalism is often appalling, it is never entirely ludicrous, and maintains a tenacious hold on the characters, who are often defeated in their efforts to harmonize its rigid ethic with the demands of earthy human nature and of everyday life in the twentieth century.

Spencer Shier

Helen Simpson

"Gold for My Bride" gets off to a good start: John Marco, a pious Amosite, yields to temptation and robs a dying man of £150; he is discovered and blackmailed into marriage by the dead man's homely and repulsive niece, who pathetically yearns for love. This one misstep is paid for by a life of misery and empty success. The marriage fails, and the frustrated wife sinks into a religious mania. A Baptist Cassandra, she stalks through the pages swathed in trailing black, crying doom and scattering tracts. Bitter and ruthless, John Marco strives to become John Marco Millions, but finally overreaches himself and is crushed.

A large part of the novel is devoted to an elaborate account of building up a swank Regent Street type of retail drapery establishment in the no-rich man's land of Paddington. With the loving care of an Arnold Bennett, Collins spares us no detail of the emporium and its operation, its staff and finances. "Gold for My Bride" could well be shortened by a curtailment of this elaborate study of a shop. One wishes, too, that the novelist were not so stingy with his humor. In the early part of the book there are spots of delicious humor, especially the Dickensian studies of the Reverend Eluid Tuke and of Marco's crotchety mother. But as the story proceeds, there are only cheese-parings of this shrewd, slightly malicious fun.

But a reviewer should be ashamed of such quibbling, "Gold for My Bride" is a powerful novel, rich in incident and characterization. American readers will not wonder at its enthusiastic reception in England when it was published five months ago. Some may wonder slightly why the British title, "I Shall Not Want," was not retained.

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New Letters by Anton Chekhov

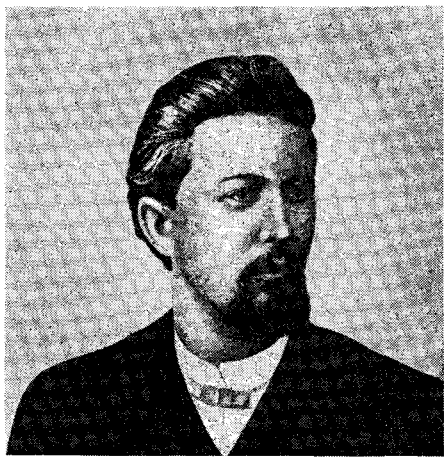
ALEXANDER BAKSHY

Recently, there came to light in Moscow a number of previously unpublished letters by Anton Chekhov. Alexander Bakshy, authority on Chekhov, has translated these letters, which are included in the following article:

IT is difficult to conceive of conditions as unfavorable for the growth of a budding literary genius, as were those in Russia in the early eighties of the last century, when Anton Chekhov began his literary career. It was a period of unbridled political reaction and obscurantism, following upon the assassination of Czar Alexander II; of savage censorship which drove even the least politically minded writers into fits of despair; of literary standards which, as applied by the liberals, demanded a belief in the inherent goodness of the masses of the people and a reverential attitude to all the sacred cows of the liberal movement, and as applied by the conservatives, measured everything by it conformance to the official creed of "orthodox faith, autocracy, and nationalism." It was, finally, a period when there were few periodicals, few bookstores, and a woefully small reading public.

That Chekhov triumphed over all these obstacles no doubt confirms the truism that genius will out. But the obstacles did take their toll, and in Chekhov's case it was paid in dire want, in six years of work for obscure publications, in writing hundreds of short stories as mere hack work, without faith in his own ability as a writer or recognition and support from editors and publishers.

Chekhov made his debut in the comic weekly *Strekoza* (Dragon-fly) in March, 1880. The editors of the paper did not seem to think much of his contributions, as is evidenced by the strictures in their "Mail-box," a comic feature in which the lapses of the contributors were made the butt of editorial sarcasm. The twenty-year-old author managed to have a number of his pieces published in *Strekoza,* however, but discontinued writing for it when he found an outlet for his efforts in another comic weekly called *Budilnik* (Alarm-clock). The sheet, like most others of its kind, was run on a shoe-string, and Chekhov considered himself lucky when, after repeated calls and long hours in the waiting room, he was able to get away with a few roubles, the rate of pay being five kopecks (two and a half cents) per line, or about one-quarter cent a word.



Anton Chekhov

Chekhov was studying medicine at the Moscow University at the time, and the income from his spare-time literary work was one of the principal items in the budget of his father's large family. He was an exceptionally facile writer during these years, knocking off stories of about a thousand words long with a minimum of effort. He needed new outlets, and at the end of 1882 he found one in *Oskolki* (Chips), a comic paper published in St. Petersburg, which was to become the mainstay of his income for many years to come, and which showed a somewhat greater appreciation of his gifts.

The editor of *Oskolki* was a well known Russian humorist, Nikolay Leikin. A decidedly minor writer, but a shrewd business man, Leikin ran his eight-page illustrated weekly on a somewhat higher literary level and with a greater efficiency than was the case with his numerous rivals. Chekhov became a regular contributor of the paper, writing a weekly causerie of Moscow life, thumbnail comic sketches, odd paragraphs for fillers, and even gags for cartoons. Everything was grist to his mill, seeing that his pay soon rose from five kopecks a line to as much as eight kopecks (four cents). Not that it made Chekhov financially independent. An examination of the account books of *Oskolki,* made by one of Chekhov's biographers, reveals the fact that during one of his best years, 1886, when all except twelve issues of the paper carried his stories, Chekhov's total income from this source amounted to the grand sum of 642 roubles 48 kopecks (roughly 320 dollars). But at least he got his money with fair regularity, and this was something to be thankful for.

Chekhov's association with Leikin and the necessity of communicating with him by mail resulted in a frequent exchange of letters. Many of these are included in the six volume edition of Chekhov's correspondence. But several more have recently been published in Soviet Russia, and as is so often the case with Chekhov's letters, they have the same qualities of wit and observation that delight us in his stories, besides adding to our knowledge of his life and personality.

Before turning to the new letters an excerpt may be quoted from a letter which Chekhov wrote to his brother Alexander about a year after he had started working for Leikin. It is obvious that at that time, at the age of twenty-three, he was proud of writing for *Oskolki.*

"Today," he wrote, *"Oskolki* is the most fashionable journal. Its articles are reprinted in other journals, it is read everywhere. Nor is it surprising. As you will see yourself, such things get through in it as will rarely be found even in the uncensored periodicals. To work in *Oskolki* is tantamount to a diploma . . . I have the right to look down on *Budilnik,* and now I will hardly work anywhere for five kopecks: I have become a Fraget [a well known Russian manufacturer —A. B.]."

THIS was easier said than done, however, for he wrote for *Budilnik* for the next four years, driven by his chronic impecuniosity. For a time Leikin raised no objection. But as Chekhov's popularity grew and his nom de plume "A. Chekhonte" came to mean extra subscribers, Leikin protested. Writing to Chekhov in November, 1885, he took him to task for having a signed story in *Budilnik* on the very eve of the subscription season.

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The year before, he complained, the same thing had happened and it had cost him some four hundred subscribers. Why did Chekhov do it? "Do they pay you more at *Budilnik?*" he asks him. "I doubt it. I could understand your working for *Budilnik* if you were so prolific that *Oskolki* could not use all you write. But sometimes there is not enough of your stuff even for *Oskolki.* Then, what sort of paper is *Budilnik?* They will print you in December and January to the extent of sixty to seventy roubles, and after that won't publish anything, since they are a calculating lot, and it pays them better to subsist during the rest of the year on the free trash that is sent in from the provinces."

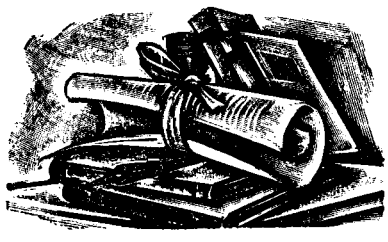
Chekhov's answer to this was simple. "I could perhaps give up working in *Budilnik,*" he wrote, "but I think that you would not wish me to. The extra thirty to forty, and sometimes even fifty roubles a month, God knows, comes handy to such a proletarian as I am. . . . No matter how much I write and how often I send you my prose, my earnings from you will not stop fluctuating between forty-five and sixty-five a month."

Indeed, even this extra income from *Budilnik* was far from enough. Chekhov had to supplement it by writing crime novels for a Moscow daily—novels which were supposed to be translations from a foreign language and which were the only novels he ever wrote—and by reporting and writing short stories for a small St. Petersburg newspaper. His position improved after 1886, when he began to write for the wealthy, if rabidly reactionary *Novoye Vremya,* a newspaper with the biggest circulation in Russia; and particularly after 1887, when the publication of a volume of short stories brought him national recognition and lifted him to the rank of an author to be reckoned with in Russian literature. Yet his financial worries continued for many more years, as is seen from the recurrent complaints in his letters.

In 1884, a four month credit enabled him to publish a volume to which he gave the title of "Melpomene's Tales." Ignored by the critics, the book brought no kudos of any sort to its author-publisher. The situation was different in 1886, when arrangements had to be made for a second collection of Chekhov's stories. This time an honest-to-goodness publisher was willing to take a chance on the book, the publisher being none other than the magazine *Oskolki* itself, which acted in the same capacity for the popular works of its editor, Leikin. The arrangement was set forth by Leikin in the following letter:

"Your book will be published by *Oskolki.* Size the same as in my books. Type also the same. But I'll give you better paper: the book must look attractive. The terms are as follows: I publish 2012 copies (twelve copies go to the Censorship Committee *free*). The book is to be stored in our office and to be sold from there. You are to be sent an account of the cost of publication. When the expenses are recovered (and I think they will be recovered quickly), the remaining copies are to be divided between us in equal parts, one half going to you, the other to *Oskolki.* Labor thus receives the same compensation as capital which also bears the unavoidable risk of publication—since, should the book fail, I alone, not you, shall bear the loss. . . . You will receive fifty copies of the book in advance."

CHEKHOV accepted the offer without hesitation. "I agree to all the terms you offer me in your last letter, regarding them as wholly reasonable," he wrote to Leikin. "The entire publication is placed in your hands, since I consider myself impotent in publishing matters. I take upon myself only the selection of stories, the cover design, and such other functions as you may decide to entrust me with. . . . Publish my book and know always that I consider its publishing an act of great courtesy on the part of *Oskolki* and an award for work comparable to the Order of Stanislaus, 3rd degree. Today I will send you the remaining original manuscripts. If the material in found insufficient, inform me at once and I will send you more. If any material is left over, also let me know, and I will write to you which stories are to be left out. I take the cover design upon myself, because a Moscow designer of vignettes, my friend and patient, Shlekhtel, . . . wants to make me a present of a vignette. . . . I share your hope about the quick recovery of the expenses. Why? I don't know. Just presentiment. Why don't you want to print 2,500 copies? If the costs are recovered, the extra 500 copies will do no harm. We will sell them somehow or other. What name shall we give the book? I have searched through the entire botanics and zoölogy, through all the poems and passions, but have found nothing suitable. I can think only of two titles: 'Stories by A. Chekhonte,' and 'Trifles.' I'll write to I. Grek—let him think up one. As regards the price of the book, etc., I leave this to you. I repeat, I agree to everything. However, will it be possible to send me final proofs? . . . "



While these arrangements were being made, Chekhov, now a full-fledged doctor, was still uncertain whether literature or medicine was to be his main vocation. His visiting card announcing "Dr. A. Chekhov" was displayed on his front door, but his patients were mostly those who could not or would not pay. There was a possibility, however, of getting a job with the Rural Administration (Zemstvo). We get a glimpse of his personal life and state of mind in a letter to Leikin written in April, 1886.

"It's a gray life," he writes. "I am in a bad state, nor do I see any happy people around me. . . Nikolay [Chekhov's artist brother who also worked for *Oskolki*—A. B.] was seriously and dangerously ill yesterday and the day before. He was suddenly seized with violent blood-vomiting, which was stopped with difficulty. . . It is terrible, the amount of worry I have gone through these days, and to top it all there is no money! The end to all this music will probably be that I'll chuck it all and run away to work for the Zemstvo.

"My health is better. I ought to change my life radically, but this is not easy. I have three sins on my conscience, which give me no peace (1) I smoke, (2) I sometimes drink, and (3) I don't know languages. In view of my health, (1) and (2) should have been cut out long ago.

"Palmin (a contributor of *Oskolki*—A. B.) called to see me. . . . His coat is spotted, his trousers are always unbuttoned, his necktie is half around his neck. He came with two dogs which ran all over the house and yelped pitifully. One spends an evening pleasantly with him.

"Today Gilyai called on me. The man is expecting an addition to his family. 'Again, ... ' he says. 'Well, let them breed!' "

Things must have eased for Chekhov during the subsequent months, for a year later we find him visiting Taganrog, his home town, from which he writes to Leikin:

"Christ is risen, my dear Nikolay Aleksandrovich! I received your letter yesterday. It was brought to me by a postman in a rusty coat and with a genial face. After delivering the letter, he laid his bag down on a bench near the wash basin and sat down in the kitchen to drink tea, without the least concern for the mail. A veritable Asia! Yes, such an Asia all around that I cannot believe my eyes. 60,000 inhabitants have nothing else to do but eat, drink, and breed—no other

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interests whatsoever. Everywhere you go you see Easter cakes, eggs, Santurin wine, suckling children, but no newspapers or books anywhere. The town is finely situated in every respect, the climate is excellent, the fruits of the earth are super-abundant, but the people are devilishly inert. Everybody is musical, endowed with imagination and wit, nervous, sensitive —yet all this is wasted. There are no patriots, no businessmen, no poets, even no good bakers.

"This Saturday I am going to Novocherkask, where I shall act as best man to a rich Cossack girl . . . Ah, what women are here!

"Yesterday I drove out to have a look at the sea. It was fine! I have only one trouble—a gastric-intestinal catarrh caused by the change of water and food."

"Variegated Stories" appeared in the early part of 1887. The loud acclaim with which the book was received, was a pleasant surprise to Chekhov, but it did not turn his head. The main effect of his being recognized as a writer of distinction was to make him regard his work more seriously, giving him a sense of responsibility which acted as a break on the easy flow of his imagination. We know of his discomfiture at this period from his earlier published correspondence. It must also have contributed to the depressed state of his mind, of which he writes to Leikin in a letter dated September 11, 1887.

"I have not done any writing for a long time," he says, "but this does not mean that I plugged the fountain. Alas! The fountain itself refused to well-up! For about three weeks I faint-heartedly surrendered to melancholy: I had no desire to look at the wide world, the pen kept dropping from my hand, in short it was 'nerves,' which you do not recognize. I was in such a mood that I was absolutely unable to work. The causes were mixed — bad weather, some family matters, the lack of money, the moving over, etc. Now I am gradually recovering my spirits and am working again. . . .

"What a coward your bearded Timofey is! When a coachman picks up a draw-bolt or some other weapon from a junk heap in setting out for a drive at night, this is a sure sign that at the first sight of burglars he will make a mess in his velvet pants and will run away from his master. You ought to put some fear into him. . . .

"I've read *Severny Vestnik* [The Northern Messenger, a liberal monthly which published a laudatory review of 'Variegated Stories'—A.B.]. The review is not so much partisan, as cerebral. . . . I read it, but understood very little. There was a review in *Moscovskiya Vedomosti,* No 244. Not bad—it's both long and mawkish. For some unknown reason everybody writes mawkishly about me. . . .

"So the daughter of the rural police inspector has got married? I am glad I did not prevent the corner policeman from becoming related to a police inspector. I trust this patriotic act of mine will be duly appreciated. But—you, too, are a nice one, you the editor of a liberal journal! You wanted to deliver a liberal contributor into the hands of the police."

This calls for one comment. Chekhov's complaint that his "fountain" dried up had a special reference to his work for *Oskolki.* The realization of his worth as a writer and the requests for contributions which poured on him from the leading periodicals, gave a fillip to a desire which formerly he had been obliged to keep under a strict control—the desire to write of life in all its various aspects, and not only in those which are provocative of laughter. This meant fewer comic stories for *Oskolki,* and as the files of the paper show, the years after 1887 were marked by a sharp decline in the number of his stories published in this heavily censored and, on the whole, rather anemic dispenser of Russian humor.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

JUNE . . . MOON . . . CROON

Quoted below are the reactions of ten famous poets to the moon. How many of the selections do you recognize? Allow 5 points if you can name the poet, and 5 more if you can recall the work from which the quotation was taken. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 17.

1.
O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

2.
That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon.

3.
Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

4.
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor . . .

5.
The moving moon went up the sky
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up.
And a star or two beside.

6.
Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees.

7.
Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same garden—and for one in vain!

8.
See yonder fire! It is the moon
Slow rising o'er the eastern hill.
It glimmers on the forest tips,
And through the dewy foliage drips
In little rivulets of light,
And makes the heart in love with night.

9.
The moon put forth a little diamond peak
No bigger than an unobserved star,
Or tiny point of fairy cimetar.

10.
The sun was gone now; the curled moon was like
a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf.

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AFTERGLOW IN NEW ENGLAND

(*Continued from page* 4)

key, with her full skirts billowing in the summer breeze. If they strolled, by chance, to Walden on a Sunday, they found themselves in the midst of another assemblage, remote from the austerities of Concord, that was yet not unrelated to the Concord scene. There, in the grove by the pond, the spiritualists held camp-meetings, and trance-speakers addressed the crowd, gathered from buggies and carryalls tied to the trees, inviting them to "come to spirit-land." Mediums gave exhibitions of self-expansion and self-compression, and mesmerists and faith-healers waved their wands and cast their spells. The connection may have been tenuous, but still it existed, between this new religion and Emerson's doctrines, which denied the reality of matter, or seemed to deny it, while they taught the omnipotence of mind. Had not Emerson said, "Never name sickness?" Was it not his idea that, since man was divine, evil could scarcely have any real existence? Alcott had shown an active interest in Mary Baker Glover—Mrs. Eddy, as she was known in Boston—for whom pain, disease, old age, and death were "errors." Alcott had been struck by her "Science and Health" and had visited her classes in Lynn and lectured before them. There was a deep relation between the Concord point of view and the mind-cure that was raging through New England; and, beside this cult and the spiritualism that flourished in the Walden grove, the School of Philosophy seemed a mere survival.

There was nothing essentially new in this interest in the "spirit-land" and these other allied phenomena that excited New England, phrenology, astrology, galvanism, hypnotism, and the study of manifestations and astral forms; but since the war their vogue had grown immensely. They had thriven from early times in this land of the Shakers, whose founder, Mother Ann Lee, the "Woman of the Apocalypse," had lived in the hills near Mrs. Eddy's birthplace. The founder of phrenology had died in Boston: it somehow seemed natural that Spurzheim should have found a grave in Mount Auburn. Hawthorne had pictured a medium in "The Blithedale Romance"; Orestes Brownson had written about spirit-rappers; Epes Sargent continued the theme in his novel "Planchette." But what had been a casual interest in the fuller days before the war was a much more serious matter in the post-war years. The decay of the old religion had left the religious instinct unsatisfied, and the Yankee mind was lost without the causes that had given it an outlet and a focus. These psychical mysteries filled a void; and, if this was true among thinking people, was it not truer still in a village world that abounded in ailing women and empty houses? Many of the New England authors were interested in spiritualism, from Shepherd Tom Hazard in Rhode Island to Celia Thaxter on the Isles of Shoals. Mrs. Thaxter acted as a medium herself, and even Tom Appleton in Boston was caught by this fashion: he wrote a charming story about Lavater, and no one was more curious than he in all these matters. Mrs. Stowe was addicted to planchette, and she and Whittier sat up many a night discussing manifestations and table-rappings. For some of these worthies, who had lived through great excitements and who found themselves in a world that was dull and empty, spiritualism afforded new sensations; and life was duller still for the village people. The building days were long past, with all their compensations, their ambitions and interests, the tasks that had filled the present with zest and meaning. The men who had gone to the war and returned to their farms were often idle, slack, and discontented; and the hope of a future life seemed vaguer and vaguer. In these stranded villages and lonely homesteads, one found countless queer and stricken women, brooding on death and disease, obsessed with their complaints and their troubles and symptoms. If they had "complications" in addition to troubles, they aroused a special interest in their families and neighbors, and many a young girl had tantrums and conniption-fits when she could not attract attention by other methods. Hysteria in all its forms, the fruit of isolation and repression, throve in these regions, and one heard all manner of rumors of miraculous cures. Mediums appeared and conducted *séances,* mesmerists and men who "pulled out toothaches," like the hero of Henry James's "Professor Fargo." One of these mental healers was Dr. Quimby, who cured Mrs. Eddy at Portland and died of an "erroneous" tumor shortly after. Partly because the people were sickly and partly for want of other excitements, they amused themselves with leaps in the dark. They played with automatic writing, communing with ghosts in default of friends, they tried to exert magnetic influences, and they talked about clairvoyance and antagonization; and many who seldom spoke aloud rejoiced in the spread of mental telepathy, a new and more entertaining form of silence. These border-line activities, which were neither religion nor science, partook of both; and Mrs. Eddy's rising fortunes showed how far they answered a deep, insistent need of the population. It was riddled with nervous disorders. It was also bored.

Drawing by Peers

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The dusky genius of Mrs. Eddy was therefore a sign of the times, a portent of the race, the place, the moment.

COMPLACENCY AND THE PUBLIC POLLS

(*Continued from page* 7)

need of change. All of which is to say that the poll-technique is mostly informative rather than educative. Democracy must have information, but information is not nearly enough.

Anything that reduces the reason for conviction to the mere fact that somebody else is of that conviction does not have as its residue conviction enough for democratic needs. It does not yield a faith to die for, nor even a faith to live by save in fair weather. A democracy in which citizens lean universally upon one another for support becomes a sort of collective demonology, in which Demos plays the role of villain. To admit that our democracy at times runs toward that shoal is the sad necessity of every honest student, and to admit further that that is one reason for the popularity of the Gallup polls only makes sadder the duty of a patriot to tell the truth about his country. Democracy does not have to be so, and it is the duty of patriots to make it otherwise.

And yet knowledge of what the crowd wants is deep propaedutic to complacency. Such knowledge rather than being publicized had best be

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kept to the fringe of consciousness. So deep is the temptation to complacency inherent in such knowledge that Jefferson thought democracy could endure only upon the solitude (ignorance of one another's opinion provided by agrarian distance) of self-reliant souls. To get men close enough together to be systematically polled spelled to him the ruin of the democratic state. Jefferson was wise to the undertow of crowd psychology. It was not his thought that social distance of farmers made them wise; but that it removed the temptation to superficiality provided through urban intimacy by the easy knowledge of what your neighbors believe before you decide definitely what you yourself believe. Individual opinion founded on public opinion deprives public opinion of any proper foundation at all; for it is solid only when it is the highest common denominator of individual convictions independently arrived at. This notion of Jefferson's is key to the oldest wisdom of thoughtful men.

Plato formulated the distinction, somewhat sourly, for all succeeding generations of democratic aspirants. With him it was the difference between knowledge and opinion. Opinion is not enough for men, individually or collectively. Knowledge is required. But knowledge is not mere opinion. Nor is it just opinion with reasons. At the lowest it is opinion with "right reasons." Opinion of opinion is sterile of knowledge. That is as far as the *Theatetus* goes. That is far enough, however, to reveal our point as soundly traditional. Any diversion of public opinion from the individual reasons underlying it is seduction from the foundation to the foam of democracy. Democracy must be solidly placed again on its deepest foundations in more and more minds if it is not to be blown away like foam—blown by braggarts who plan "to blow and blow and blow" until they blow our house down.

I appreciate the Gallup polls for the minor contribution they make to a major enterprise. I am not greatly worried over the so-called dangers connected with them, primarily because I think most of our legislators and many of our citizens ignore them as cues to positive conviction and action. As maps for the journey ahead they are dangerous, as the authors of this book perhaps admit; as cautions for curves in the road they are valuable, as the authors claim. The less citizens rely upon them for their own opinions—I am tempted to say the less they know of them until their opinions are made up—the sounder the citizenship.

T. V. Smith is a Congressman from Illinois and a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago.

THE CREATOR OF KITTY FOYLE HAS A NEW HEROINE

Mrs MINIVER

BY JAN STRUTHER

Christopher Morley says:

MY FAVORITE HEROINE THIS SUMMER is Mrs. Miniver. Perhaps you might call this book the testament of a happy woman. Mrs. Miniver, wife of an architect and mother of three children, is in her forties and enjoying them. Whether dealing with the cook, or doing Christmas shopping, or wondering why one must always invite both members of a married couple when one is charming and the other just plain dumb, or puzzling what is the word the windshield wiper keeps saying, you have here a perfect portrait of the twentieth century's only humane achievement, the civilized woman... Successive episodes of domestic detail take us through some two years of life chez Miniver; the little casual and universal excitements and anguishes, all opened with a suggestive cunning so that we know the Minivers from the heart out... A world of morning tea, chimney sweeps, boxrooms, nannies, sculleries, larders, hogmanay, roman jelly, cucumber sandwiches, face flannels . . . Yet Mrs. Miniver is by no means insular. She reads and enjoys *The New Yorker*. More than that, she reads John Donne. When you find a woman who enjoys both *The New Yorker* and John Donne, hang onto her. She will behave in crisis as you would hope her to behave . . . If you don't love and relish Mrs. Miniver you are not a connoisseur of human beings.

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Bibliophile's Pilgrimage

A BOOKSELLER LOOKS BACK. By J. S. Bain. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 304 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

I ONCE sold a book to Bernard Quaritch, and saw—I was a schoolboy—the great man himself. I have met and had generous dealings with Gabriel Wells (he once astounded and delighted me by, after giving me a good price for a book, sending a further check), and once, long, long ago, finding myself penniless on a Saturday afternoon, with two young friends to entertain, at St. Giles's Fair at Oxford, I borrowed two pounds from B. H. Blackwell. For me a bookseller is a sacred person—or, rather, exercises a sacred office. Towards publishers I cherish no feelings save what authors do cherish towards publishers. Printers, even when I am correcting proof, are benign and blessed persons: and booksellers rank, by me, with vintners, the guest masters of hospitable religious orders, and the great cooks of the world. That is why I would collect all bad booksellers in a bundle of esparto grass and have then auctioned off to city governments as refuse collectors. A bad bookseller is one who treats books as packages or razor-blades, who calls magazines "books," and tries to sell "Wuthering Heights" or "David Copperfield" by loudly proclaiming, "This is the book of the Movie."

How unapproachably civilized, how blandly cultured, how intelligently amiable are good booksellers can be read in this excellent book of Mr. Bain's. I have only one complaint against it, and that I expect is unfair. I should have liked a little more about some other booksellers, of London and elsewhere, in the period his volume covers. He looks back from today and Hugh Walpole—who introduces the volume charmingly—to 1816 and Robert Peel. You see, a bookseller has long sight, and can see clearly events and people long before he was born: and J. S. Bain lets us look back with him to the days of Disraeli, of Thackeray, of Charles Keene, of Palgrave of the "Golden Treasury" and his less urbane brother, of Gladstone, of Edmund Gosse, of FitzGerald, and several well-known Americans, Brander Matthews, Will Bonbright, Francis Bayard, Pierpont Morgan, John Hay, Henry James, Cabot Lodge, Mrs. Cadwalader Jones (Edith Wharton's sister), and George Allison Armour. Of this last Mr. Bain tells a pleasant anecdote. Mr. Allison Armour was not connected with the great packing firm of his city: and almost everyone he met assumed he was. "I daren't," he exclaimed, "ask for a coat of arms, because I am sure I should be granted as crest 'a hog in armour.'"

Mr. Bain's house has always been a West-End firm—most of its years spent in the Haymarket. The other great Mayfair booksellers more or less contemporary were Sotheran, Pickering, Hatchard, Quaritch, Maggs, Ellis, and Elvey. Each of these shops had or has its particular atmosphere, and catered for different kinds of collectors. I think most book-lovers would agree that the best two for the general collector (who might, did unexpected fortunes accrue to him, also satisfy extravagant and particular tastes) were and are Sotheran and Bain.

And now Mr. Bain has written a book which wil be read with delight by all who love to browse and buy in bookshops. Here is a readable, anecdotal account of a great bookshop's history: and now that it is hard for Americans to visit London, what better substitute for a bibliophile's pilgrimage could there be than this voyage with three generations of Bains?

Backstage in Medicine

BEHIND THE SURGEON'S MASK. By James Harpole. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1940. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

MEDICAL men may like to think of their profession as an art, but fortunately most of them rarely show signs of artistic temperament and go about their jobs with a methodical matter-of-factness, often a little puzzled when writers, De Kruif for example, get into a dither about them. Nevertheless an increasing number spend their leisure in painting, carving, playing an instrument, writing—and this may or may not mean something. On Harley Street (all medical men in Great Britain's literature live on Harley Street, even as in ours all big bankers hail from Wall Street) they seem to write books as easily as they do prescriptions. A surprising number have become authors of detective stories. Among these, James Harpole, nom de plume we are told, of an "eminent Harley Street surgeon." But Surgeon Harpole has also the spirit of the crusading pedagogue. He is convinced that if the public be taken behind the curtain they will be less frightened and befuddled by the medical show, and so in three books now he has been taking his readers on conducted tours backstage. For these he has developed a technique of personalizing and dramatizing disease which makes the information he would impart slip down as easily as a chocolate flavored tablet, and which owes much I am sure to his detective story training.

Other doctors have told stories from their case files but in most instances the "cases" merely confirm the point of the lesson. Surgeon Harpole uses each case as a springboard for a complete human interest story, a story in which clever characterization, natural dialogue, and a rapid build-up of suspense, holds the reader so firmly that unless he is a purist or an incorrigible skipper, he will accept without a murmur the accompanying medical information. Mr. and Mrs. Phillips struggling to retain their marital happiness now threatened by her hyperthyroidism, fear, then agree to, an operation. We listen in on their unhappy discussions, follow to the operating room to watch the major part of the gland removed, share the husband's agony when complications arise, witness with relief the united and now happy pair. Percival Wright, the bank clerk, becomes a blood donor, and we learn all about him as a person as well as about blood transfusion. Mrs. Heathcote's fracture, treated by the most modern methods is complicated by chronic alcoholism, but we see her cured by love and a modified psychoanalysis. And so on until we have shared in the emotions of a number of interesting people as they confront their most dramatic crises, the while we have acquired a surprising amount of information.

Doctors may cavil at the almost one hundred percent record of cures, readers who like theirs straight may find the mixture of science and sentiment more irritating than stimulating. But "Behind the Surgeon's Mask" was not written for these. It was written for the far larger public that loves a good yarn, and also loves to "keep informed," the public that cares not a tittle whether the medical profession calls itself art or science so long as it becomes a better and better stage director in the drama of life and death.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 330)

WM. BLAKE:
THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

At length, trembling, the vision . . . whispered:
. . . "God, so long worshipped, departs as a lamp
Without oil; . . . a curse is heard hoarse thro' the land from a godless race
Descending to beasts; they look downward and labor and forget my holy law."

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Adventures on the Plains

TIXIER'S TRAVELS ON THE OSAGE PRAIRIES. Edited by John Francis McDermott. Translated from the French by Albert J. Salvan. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 1940. 309 *pp., with index.* $3.

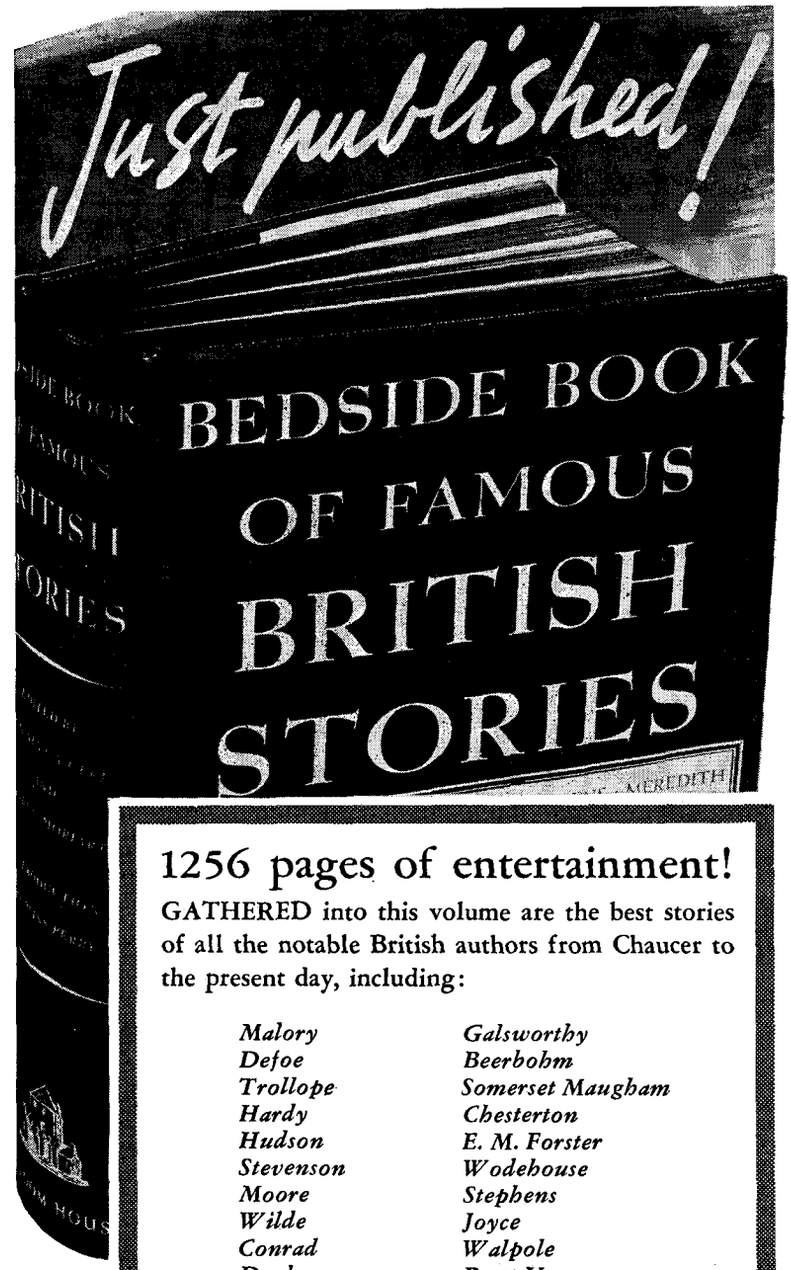
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

"MANY a French scalp has dried in front of the Osage wigwams," writes Victor Tixier to impress his Parisian readers. An adventurous young doctor and artist, fired no doubt by Cooper and Chateaubriand, he journeyed to our wild West in 1840 to join the Osage in their summer buffalo hunt. He looked for "new terrible thrills, to find death perhaps." Journeying from New Orleans up the Mississippi to St. Louis, he rode a pony to join the tribe, then ranging the plains of Kansas and Oklahoma, and fighting with the Pawnee. Alas, he met no hairbreadth escapes, and did not see a scalp lifted or even a grizzy slain.

But he did accumulate material for a most interesting and illuminating book, which falls into two parts. The introductory chapters give a vivid and attractive picture of the plantations of Creole Louisiana, where Tixier was overwhelmed with hospitality, and where he made many amusing observations on slavery, alligators, sugar-cultivation, steamboats, river floods, Southern diet and medicine, and not least of all, the ladies. The main body of the book then treats of the "dangerous" Osage. Tixier hunted with them, ate their bad food, inquired into their religion, watched their war-dances, healed their sick, and in fact with curious eye, nose, and ear found out all about them. He was a sympathetic observer, thought the Indians "great philosophers," and deemed their life superior in some ways to that of the white race. His enthusiastic yet fairly scientific book, extremely rare in French, deserved this revival in an English translation, illustrated by his own sketches. Both editor and translator have done their work admirably.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Shakespeare: *Romeo and Juliet.*
2. Shelley: *The Cloud.*
3. Milton: *Paradise Lost.*
4. Alfred Noyes: *The Highwayman.*
5. Coleridge: *The Ancient Mariner.*
6. Walter de la Mare: *Silver.*
7. Fitzgerald: *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.*
8. Longfellow: *Christus.*
9. Keats: *Endymion.*
10. Rossetti: *The Blessed Damozel.*



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RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

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Education Bound

SO YOU'RE GOING TO COLLEGE. By Clarence E. Lovejoy. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 383 *pp.* $2.50.

SHE'S OFF TO COLLEGE: A Girl's Guide to College Life. By Gulielma Fell Alsop and Mary Frances McBride. New York: Vanguard Press. 1940. 277 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

ANYBODY interested in colleges and college life, whether as a prospective student, the parent of one, a college officer, or for any other reason, will do well to see these two books; both of them. They should be handy in every college library; read especially by those in secondary schools who have to advise young people about going to college. They are, jointly and severally, the most intelligent, informing, and generally illuminating that I have seen in their field in a long time. Even the one purporting to be for and about the girl in college has a lot in it—beside the obvious girl-interest—that a man in a man's college could ponder profitably with reference to his own behavior in his own college life, even if he never saw a girl.

Major Clarence Earle Lovejoy, A.B. of Columbia, 1917 and honorary A.M. of Colby College, is secretary of Columbia's Alumni, was four years on the faculty of Rutgers, and writes out of a long and rich experience in college life. His book is highly commended in a Foreword by President W. H. Cowley of Hamilton College, whose own uncommonly extensive acquaintance with American colleges adds weight to his appraisal. Lovejoy deals chiefly if not entirely with the practical questions of finance confronting the would-be college student rather than with how he will behave after he becomes one. In short, it is a book about ways and means, divided into three main parts: (1) What college going costs, (2) Selecting your college, and (3) Working your way, if need be. The last two chapters list the American colleges with a thumbnail, bone-dry description of each, and the whole is topped off with a pretty complete bibliography. Especially useful is the discussion about scholarships and student loans. It is interesting reading, straightforward and factual but never dull; indeed it is well salted with humor and human understanding. Within its self-imposed limitations it is encyclopedic; but leaves one still facing the great problem of college life; the fact that only by experience can one know whether he has chosen the right college *for him;* no investigation beforehand can foretell the result of the reaction among unpredictable imponderables, chief among them your own self and the human beings with whom you co-öperate and conflict in college life.

As for the other book, Dr. Alsop is college physician at Barnard; Mary Francis McBride, her colleague in this authorship, is director of the business and professional girls department in the Brooklyn Y.W.C.A. First-hand college experience speaks in every line of the book. One of the best things in it are the summaries concluding the various chapters; by themselves they are guides to a fruitful college life. From clothes, dates, and sororities to marriage or the after-college job actual flesh-and-blood girls in typical situations blunder and fail or are guided to success, with tact and sympathy. Any girl looking forward to college or already there will find light for her feet in this book; as I implied before a discerning reading discloses the heart of college life as it operates in a man's college as well as in one for girls, or for both sexes together. In fact, the operations are those of life anywhere—human beings getting along together in the world. After all, that's what college is for.

Not a single reader of The Saturday Review

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Published by Simon and Schuster, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York City

Mighty Hunters

DARK MEMORY. By Jonathan Latimer. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1940. 399 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

IF you like your hero manly; your heroine beautiful and lusty; your villain according to tradition; your subsidiary characters interesting; your locale glamorous; and your descriptions vivid and convincing; then plotless "Dark Memory" will leave pleasant memories.

The Huntley expedition invades the Belgian Congo to gather more scientific data about the gorilla and the okapi. Incidentally, to keep the record straight, Webster describes the okapi as a "peculiar mammal," but Mr. Latimer is more illuminating: he says the okapi is half giraffe, half zebra —a sort of living fossil, a living bridge to prehistoric times. This inspires me to become better acquainted with the okapi when I return to Africa.

Anyway, the membership of this expedition is elderly Professor Jarvis Huntley, whose interest in paleontology is diverted by an attack of blackwater fever; lecherous, brutish Lew Cable, angel of the *safari* with an absent wife's money; lovable Bill Lamont, a young anthropologist with a fear complex; imperturbable, tippling Mr. Palmer, the white hunter, who wishes he were twenty years younger; and a *ci-devant* newspaper man, Jay Nichols, who turns out to be a most satisfactory hero.

More dangerous to the expedition than the flora and fauna and diseases of the Congo Belge is Eve Salles. Eve is a beautiful young Canadian who suddenly appears out of nowhere and attaches herself to the Huntley group so she can get into the dank Ituri forest. Her wealthy French husband has been lost there and Eve wants to find out whether she is wife or widow, her preference being for the right to don weeds. With Eve is Herbert, an anemic, sullen Cockney watchdog, who has been engaged by an unloved husband to protect Eve's virtue. Events prove M. Salles omniscient.

The result is a raging forest fire of action, highlighted by brilliant descriptions which arouse nostalgic memories in this reviewer. The characters in all of Mr. Latimer's books are good, constructive drinkers and those in "Dark Memory" are no exception. But what mystifies me is, first, how the Huntley expedition could keep itself so well supplied with cold beer, and, secondly, how one bottle of brandy could last so long, considering all the drinking that was done by Jay and Bill and Eve when they were lost in the Ituri. If Mr. Latimer will explain, he will simplify a problem which has caused me considerable concern. After all, there is a limit to the carrying-capacity of two Citroën trucks on the roads, just as there is to native bearers in the African bush.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE VANTAGE POINT. By Hilda Morris. Putnam. 1940. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

At the heart of this earnest novel by Miss Morris is the idea that these troubled times need only a vantage point, from which to look upon them and see their real purport. The vantage point turns out to be Amy Trent herself, the central figure of the tale. Not of the modern generation, which is too hot for certainties, nor of the older generation, looking always backward, Amy is placed in between at the point of meeting and compromise. She is a teacher newly unemployed, with a young son just out of college and an old crusty dependent uncle. These, of course, are the three generations symbolized, and Amy works out the pattern of their destinies with cool reason and dauntless courage. We admire her even as we feel that the simple logic of her solutions, as well as her own undeviating optimism, offer little clue to the real world in which she is supposedly a vantage point.

N. L. R.

ATTACK. By Leland Jamieson. Morrow. 1940. 140 *pp.* $1.50.

An aircraft carrier, *USS Scarab,* is doing routine neutrality patrol, wide east in the Atlantic to miss a hurricane which has been reported climbing the ladder of the West Indies. Out of the night the syncopated buzz of the radio brings news—a European dictatorship has launched an expedition for South America, battleships and transports complete. *Scarab's* fighting squadron takes the air at dawn; as the planes cross a spotless ocean they are overtaken by a liaison machine with the message, "WAR DECLARED CincUS." This is heavy news for *Scarab;* the Atlantic Fleet is far away, the enemy's patrol bombers will be hunting the lone carrier, too deep in the Atlantic to count on early support from the Porto Rico units.

From this point on Pete Weymouth, young pilot of Fighting Four, and his brother Grigs Weymouth, the ship's air-group commander, plunge into whirlwind days and nights of dogfight and patrol, spitting in the eye of death every half hour. The plotting of the story is a bit thin; it is obviously arranged to demonstrate, one after another, all the different types of operation Naval Air can and would undertake in war. Also, the attacks are pressed home with a determination a little rare in the current experience of Europe.

But it is plenty exciting stuff, breathless in pace, done with an energy that carries the reader right to the finish before he remembers to look for criticisms. On the technical side the tactics of the planes that fight over blue water have never been better put, or more comprehensibly. A B plus job and an hour's thrills, cheap at the price.

F. P.

WAY OF LIFE. By Muriel Daly. Appleton-Century. 1940. 295 *pp.* $2.

There is a retired Colonel of his Majesty's Army, the honorable Fernie of Fernie Hill. There is his daughter Patricia, a leggy, tawny-haired breath of English girlhood. And there is her young man Colin, a commoner, alas, in trade. To this minor tragedy of love and the classes add the mysterious stranger from abroad—is he Italian? is he English?—who turns out to be Colin's cousin, *but* a Rugby man, which makes it all right with the Colonel. Emotions are switched about handsomely and all is well at Fernie Hill. This is a breezy tale, undoubtedly what people mean when they speak of Summer reading.

N. L. R.

History

FRENCH CHIVALRY. By Sidney Painter. Johns Hopkins Press. 1940. 179 *pp., with index.* $2.

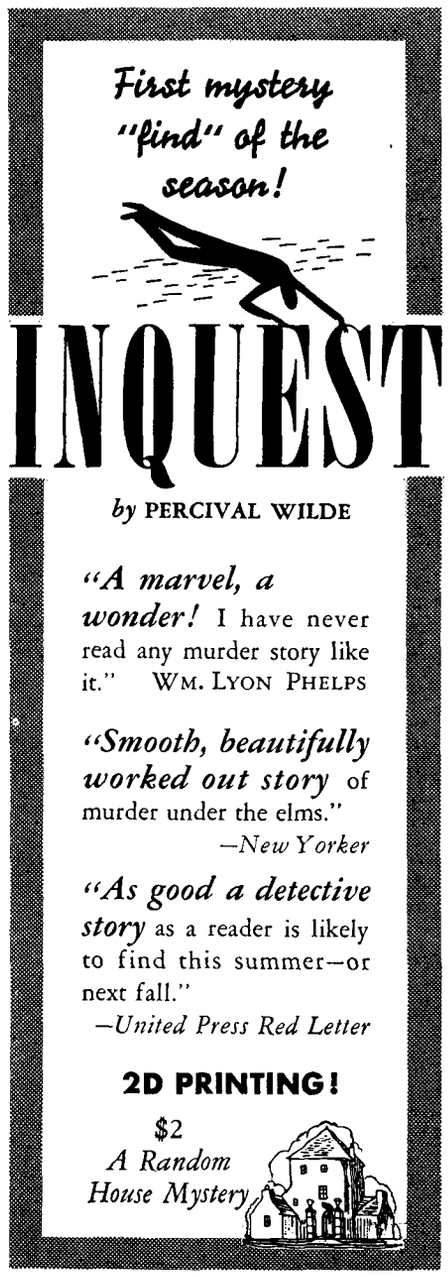
Any one interested in the Middle Ages must have wondered casually how far the ages of chivalry were chivalrous, and how nearly that term meant to them what it does to us. For such questioners, or for any one who enjoys browsing in historical byways, Mr. Painter has produced an admirable little book. Recognizing, to begin with, that the Middle Ages covered a long time and that its ideals and practices were not the same at the beginning as at the end, he traces three shaping influences at work, the feudal system of military service, the church, and the institution of courtly love. Each of these had its own ideals, which of course were not always fully realized, and the different ideals sometimes conflicted; courtly love, in particular, running athwart the other two, could produce the situations where the Victorians said that honor rooted in dishonor stood. And yet, on the whole, prowess and the defense of ladies, love of ladies, and the cult of the Virgin, got along surprisingly well together.

Mr. Painter has analyzed these forces, with documentation that is abundant and often amusing, as in his anecdote of a soldier who killed in battle the Count of St. Pol, and boasted of it to his own commander the Duke of Julliers, St. Pol's bitter foe; the duke promptly had the low fellow hanged for killing so noble a prince. In the less demonstrable question of how far ideals were put into practice, Mr. Painter sets forth the available evidence, his reasoning, and his own conclusion, leaving the reader free to differ if he likes. Here too he is entertaining as well as persuasive, as when he maintains, contrary to the general opinion, that courtly may have preserved more chastity than it destroyed, since it offered the lady a long path of dalliance where she could turn back at every step before the final one, whereas the dame of the twelfth century had no alternatives between the monotony of matrimony and the crude plunge into adultery. The jacket suggests that this may be used as collateral reading in college history courses; if so, the students to whom it is assigned will be lucky.

B. D.

CONSTITUTIONALISM, ANCIENT AND MODERN. By Charles Howard McIlwain. Cornell University Press. 1940. 162 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

"Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and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earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care and the greatest as not exempted from her power." Three and a half centuries ago, Richard Hooker wrote those lyrical words in his "Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity." They might well serve as a text for the lectures which the Eaton Professor of the Science of Government in Harvard University delivered on the Messenger Foundation at Cornell University and which are now published in attractive format.

"Constitutionalism" in Mr. McIlwain's view "has one essential quality: it is a legal limitation on government; it is the antithesis of arbitrary rule; its opposite is despotic government, the government of will instead of law." This antithesis is not unlike the one stated many times by John W. Burgess (and latterly by Nicholas Murray Butler): that there is a sphere of liberty on which government should not poach. Mr. McIlwain thinks that the tradition of constitutionalism for England and the United States comes by way of the law of the Roman Republic and that the revival of Roman law in western Europe in the twelfth century contributed to the growth of English common law. He likes Bracton's differentiation between *gubernaculum*—the things which the King had within his discretion—and *jurisdictio,* which established bounds beyond which the King might not go. He thinks that the reconciliation of the two is today "our most serious practical problem just as it was in seventeenth century England. I would go further, and add that there is the same necessity now, as in past ages, to preserve these two sides of political institutions intact, to maintain every institution instrumental in strengthening them both, and to guard against the overwhelming of one of them by the other."

Mr. McIlwain fortifies this hope with great learning. But the sad fact is that on the continent of Europe *gubernaculum* has never been more unrestrained, arbitrary and hideous. Even in England *jurisdictio* is no more. The threat of a German invasion made Parliament put the safety of the state in the keeping of the King in Council —that is, the War Cabinet. If our country is to meet its onrushing problems courageously and successfully, it will have to consent to drastic encroachments on the field of liberty. They will be less alarming because they come from a genuine popular desire. In countries with the traditions that Mr. McIlwain discusses it is reasonable to hope that after emergencies are passed, *jurisdictio* will again be enthroned in its proper place.

L. R.

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International

THE WORLD OVER IN 1939. The Living Age 1940 Annual. Edited by Leon Bryce Bloch and Charles Angoff. The Living Age Press. 1940. 918 *pp., with index.* $4.

This annual is an excellent and meaty summary of the year. Probably in no other similar work is there such a wealth of information about happenings in all lands. The arrangement is different from that of any other annual, and at first may seem to some readers to lead to duplication. The first section gives an interpretive account, month by month, of events in all major countries. Then in the purely chronological part of the volume—occupying exactly half of the space—are brief digests of important happenings arranged again month by month, country by country. The dates give an impression of news datelines, and the items afford a swift review of the year. Lastly an excellent index makes the book most useful as a work of reference. The summaries are objective and impartial—or at least as objective as sensible persons can make a report of the world today. The year 1939 was a fateful one in history, and this book is a good record of its tragic progress.

C. McD. P.

Miscellaneous

GENERAL CARGO. By A. P. Herbert. Doubleday, Doran. 1940. 243 *pp.* $2.

To most Americans Mr. A. P. Herbert is perhaps best known either as a novelist, or as the man who, elected M.P. for Oxford University (to the credit of that already creditable institution) succeeded in reforming the divorce law; but as "A.H.P.", a regular contributor to *Punch,* he is also the nearest English approach to such columnists as the Christopher Morley or the Heywood Broun of the old light-hearted days when newspapers had columnists instead of commentators. "General Cargo," a collection of his humorous pieces in prose and verse, has in it something for all tastes. His Parliamentary experiences are reflected in some of these papers; Mr. Herbert's Mr. Mafferty (who will be remembered as a Mr. Dooley touched with more of the divine Celtic madness) has been elected to Parliament, and in his maiden speech, in which, in flights of Syngelike eloquence only slightly restrained by the Speaker's calls to order, he advocates writing the Christmas spirit into the British Constitution. Mr. Mafferty also appears in private life, discoursing on keeping fit, on giving up smoking, and other topics. There is a sprinkling of "Misleading Cases" and other papers, in which, with an owlishly grave irony, a fictitious justice hands down a decision upon such a point as whether English courts are bound by the clause in Magna Carta that justice is not to be sold. Yachtsmen and mystery fans will alike delight in the essay in which Mr. Herbert, who himself keeps a boat at Hammersmith, discusses the tendency of villains in thrillers to leap aboard a waiting launch in the Thames without allowing for the fact that the Thames is tidal, and the difficulties which this will one day get them into. And for verbal ingenuity there are few things anywhere to beat the paper in which Mr. Herbert offers a mnemonic device for the Morse code, consisting of words of phrases each beginning with one letter of the alphabet, with long and short syllables in the proper order of dashes and dots—all the way from "Ahoy" (short-long) to "Zigzaggery" (long-long-short-short). But there is too much richness in the book to tell about; get it and keep it on your bedside table.

B. D.

Science

PLAYING WITH LIGHTNING. By K. B. McEachron in collaboration with Kenneth G. Patrick. Random House. 1940. 231 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Dr. McEachron's game with nature is not one for the uninformed or the ill-equipped. The appalling violence of lightning is the reason why this most familiar of the vagaries of nature is still the least understood. Serious experiments date only from an afternoon in 1920 when a bolt struck the one-room shack of Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz in the Mohawk valley, the very shack which is now restored at Mr. Ford's Greenfield Village. This so aroused Steinmetz that he built the first artificial generator for lightning,

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which could produce 120 thousand volts and perhaps one million horsepower during its brief discharge. After the death of Steinmetz the work was taken over by Frank W. Peek at Pittsfield and after his death by Dr. McEachron.

Today artificial bolts under a pressure of ten million volts, striking across thirty feet of air, are managed with perfect familiarity. Yet even these are minute compared with lightning itself which may have a pressure of a billion volts and carry two hundred thousand amperes.

Experimenting with these artificial bolts is a source of direct information and an excellent means of testing theories of protection against lightning. Another, almost equally spectacular, is the recording of actual lightning bolts that strike the Empire State Building in New York. Records have for years been made both by delicate instruments in the tower itself and by photographs taken from another tower eight blocks away on Fifth Avenue. During the first three years of this study the Empire State Building was struck sixty-eight times. Dr. McEachron's account of the obtaining of these records, which were conducted mainly late at night, forms one of the most interesting chapters of his book. "If Franklin," says Dr. McEachron, "could have spent one such night at the Manhattan headquarters of the modern lightning hunter, he would have had to remake the whole front page of 'Poor Richard's Almanac.' "

Dr. McEachron's chapters on the protection of high tension transmission lines are of interest primarily to the electrical engineer. But they contain also arresting observations for the layman. Lightning, for instance, does strike more than once in the same place. Steel frame buildings are almost completely safe for their occupants. Even within an all steel automobile one is also safe. The fear of lightning, like all fear, can be dispelled only by knowledge. G. W.

Records in Review

By Edward Tatnall Canby

ARTHUR SCHNABEL makes an interesting appearance this month as an interpreter of Brahms with the First Concerto in D minor (V M-677; $12). Though his reputation came about largely because of Beethoven, Schnabel is in fact strangely like Brahms. A short, square little man (the beard is missing) who seems, offstage, with his ingenuous smile and bowlful-of-jelly laugh to have stepped out of a Breughel, he has, as a musician, qualities of iron of the same uncompromising sort that lay behind the playful Brahmsian whiskers. In this recording his characteristic technique is well suited to the teeth-gritting first movement with its reflection of the tragedy of Schumann's attempted suicide. The balance, for a European recording, is not perfect and the London Philharmonic under Georg Szell is sluggish, but the whole is still a recording of first importance. . . . Equally important is the latest and perhaps finest of the European Toscanini series, the Beethoven Fourth (V M-676; $8). Again may it be said, the "Maestro" is at his greatest conducting Beethoven, and his European recordings have a naturalness and balance not yet achieved on records by our N.B.C. Orchestra. Perhaps, it may be added, this set will end the silly romantic prejudice against the Even-Numbered Symphonies. The fact that the Third is undeniably greater than this seems to me perfectly irrelevant, since this symphony is greater than a hundred more often heard works.

★ ★

One of the least known and most important American composers is Roger Sessions. Like many other important creative figures, he is more interested in composing than in selling his work, and in this age of publicity he is unknown to many music lovers who take their cue from the big radio and concert programs. A subscription recording of his recent Quartet in E minor, played by the Galimirs, should be considered by any one hardy enough to swallow and to like the last Beethoven quartets (and that should be almost everyone). Like the first Brahms symphony this is a work of maturity, not a first attempt at a difficult medium. A first hearing is not easy; the musical thought is concentrated, dissonant, uncompromising. But three or four more hearings begin to reveal a profundity which I, for one, have not found so far in other native music. No satire, no dry-as-dust mathematics, no self-conscious nationalism here; the basic inspiration is Beethoven, last period. . . . In the near-modern category Columbia has a new Minneapolis-Metropoulos version of Prokofieff's well-known Classical Symphony, with the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Octet thrown in (C X-166; $4.50). I like the unusually slow tempo more with each playing. I don't like the price. Columbia has a long tradition of reasonable prices. . . . A cheaper buy is Ravel's Debussy-esque Introduction and Allegro, for harp and sextet of strings and woodwinds (C X-167; $3.50). Innocuous and pleasant, with the power of the later Ravel, but Laura Newell's harp has more to say than most harps.

★ ★

Ernst Wolff sings to his own accompaniment a group of Early German Lieder (C X-168; $2). There is a special quality of extreme simplicity and directness in the songs of the 14th to 16th centuries that is lacking in later periods, probably because of the preoccupation with harmony. Many, including Isaac's *Innsbruck, Ich Muss Dich Lassen,* here recorded, were utilized with few changes as religious chorales, which in turn found their way into the greatest music of Bach and others. *O Welt, Ich Muss Dich Lassen,* sacred version of the above, is one of the most celebrated of the Bach chorales. . . . Americana: Two volumes of Dust Bowl Ballads (V P-27, 28; $2.75 ea.) bring up to date the never ending folksong chronicle. Many of these are run of the mill, but you can get the whole story of "Grapes of Wrath" in one song (26621) and amuse your cocktail guests with the marvelous Talkin' Dust Bowl Blues (26619). Mr. Guthrie and guitar are first rate. . . . There was no resisting

The Criminal Record

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Double-Crostics: No. 331

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-B	2-T	3-V		4-D	5-G	6-B		7-P	8-A	9-I		10-C	11-B	12-Q	13-O	
14-C	15-M	16-L		17-D	18-A	19-H		20-S	21-P	22-H	23-O	24-B	25-J	26-F	27-M	
28-W	29-R	30-E	31-C	32-V	33-L		34-F	35-X	36-Y	37-J	38-O	39-K	40-U	41-D	42-M	43-W
	44-G	45-M	46-L		47-W	48-G	49-M	50-L	51-K	52-B	53-N		54-G	55-V	56-C	
57-U	58-C	59-J	60-N		61-Y	62-V	63-U	64-E	65-N		66-X	67-L	68-M	69-F	70-N	71-G
	72-N	73-K		74-R	75-J	76-W	77-L	78-X	79-F		80-C	81-I	82-F		83-R	84-F
85-Q	86-W	87-X	88-M	89-A		90-Q	91-V	92-J		93-K	94-N		95-P	96-I	97-K	98-L
99-T	100-A	101-M		102-D	103-T	104-R	105-X	106-W		107-I	108-U	109-C	110-F		111-B	112-U
113-Q	114-F	115-Y		116-G	117-I	118-A		119-L	120-B	121-S	122-A		123-H	124-J	125-I	
126-S	127-Y	128-V	129-P		130-W	131-A	132-R	133-S	134-J		135-I	136-K	137-C	138-S		139-V
140-N	141-M	142-W	143-E	144-Q	145-O		146-S	147-K	148-C	149-E		150-R	151-P	152-H	153-W	154-E
155-D	156-B		157-O	158-D	159-E	160-C		161-Q	162-U	163-G	164-J		165-I	166-L	167-A	
168-E	169-G	170-V		171-I		172-F	173-R	174-X	175-W	176-U	177-S	178-O	179-B	180-H	181-N	182-G
183-V	184-P															

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Predecessor of the present flute.

B. Untainted; upright.

C. Cup-shaped.

D. Having a crooked back.

E. In the greatest esteem (comp.) (colloq.)

F. Historical drama by Bulwer Lytton.

G. Represent as a devil.

H. Large flat-bottomed boats.

I. Abnormal inability to sustain attention.

J. Highly-flavored white wine.

K. Irregularity.

L. Biased by jealousy (comp.)

M. Established snugly.

N. Extreme rashness.

O. Forebode.

P. European capital.

Q. Recreant (adj.; fig.)

R. Surpasses in ingenuity.

S. Parvenu.

T. Ritualistic Japanese plays.

U. Ill-tempered.

V. Sculpture with slight projection from background (2 wds.)

W. Rarefied.

X. Urged importunately.

Y. Barks snappishly.

WORDS

8 118 100 18 122 167 89 131

179 1 52 120 11 24 6 111 156

109 80 14 56 160 31 10 58 137 148

41 158 17 102 155 4

168 159 149 30 143 154 64

34 84 172 110 26 114 69 79 82

71 163 116 48 5 169 182 44 54

22 180 152 19 123

171 135 117 81 107 9 125 96 165

25 124 37 164 75 59 92 134

136 51 147 93 39 97 73

77 46 33 67 166 50 119 98 16

101 15 49 141 45 68 88 42 27

181 70 72 53 60 140 65 94

38 157 13 145 23 178

7 129 151 21 184 95

90 12 113 85 144 161

173 132 150 29 104 74 83

121 126 146 138 177 20 133

99 2 103

63 176 112 108 40 162 57

170 183 3 128 55 32 62 91 139

47 175 142 86 76 153 28 130 106 43

105 78 174 87 35 66

115 127 36 61

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q.'s favorite broken syntax this week: Crime Club's advt. for *Murder Draws a Line* saying the illustrations are "equally as" important as the story. ☞A book of which we hear good comment by trustable readers is *The Strategy of Terror.* ☞A forthcomer that sounds important to the pensive is *Love in the Western World.* ☞A book that we know by our own reading is heartily worth while is *Pilgrim's Way.* ☞Old Q decided that this week, as the weather is so sultry, to omit names of authors and publishers, just to see if anyone cares.

★ ★

☞Our pleasantest reading lately was a reprint of an address *The Cornell Tradition,* delivered at Ithaca last spring by Professor Carl Becker, on the occasion of Cornell University's 75th anniversary. ☞Professor Becker tells many entertaining anecdotes of academic freedom at Cornell, and adds "Democratic society assumes the worth and dignity of the human personality as an end in itself." ☞We were pleased to hear from Clifford Perry of 4910 Burke, Seattle, that he also has a large collection of old Philadelphia imprints. He mentions for instance Matthew Carey, William W. Woodward, James Kay, Jr., William Garretson, Robert Campbell, Charles J. Gillis, all good old Philadelphia publishers. ☞Kenneth Macrorie, a student of the printing arts in Oberlin, Ohio, says that Don Marquis's use of lowercase in all his *archy and mehitabel* stuff caused quite a cult among typographers.

★ ★

☞Old Q. is always touched by the wording on the C. P. R. tablet at Madison Avenue and 44, which speaks of its employees who "finally passed out of sight of men by the path of duty and self sacrifice." Paul Standard tells us that the text of the inscription was composed by S. L. Wanklyn, now retired, formerly assistant to the President of C. P. R. ☞We know a book collector on 47 Street, who is so careful about his autographed copies that he has them signed in front of a notary, paying two bits for assurance.

★ ★

☞Among the things we wonder about, important to no one else, what has the German occupation done to the little *Theatre Cluny* in Paris. We always went there our first evening in town to see what was playing, and drew all our ideas of the technique of farce from that home of unfumigated jest. ☞Interested to observe that Irving Berlin and many others lately dug out patriotic anthems they wrote during the previous World War and put them back into circulation. ☞Old Q.'s best claim on public gratitude is that he has done nothing to resurrect a national anthem he composed in the spring of 1917.

★ ★

☞If Old Q. ever writes a mystery story perhaps he will base it on two oddities of life, *viz.,* that warm water freezes into ice cubes quicker than cold water, and that you mustn't deduce from the match folders in the corpse's pockets that he has been to the cafés they advertise. ☞Our favorite advertisement was one seen in a Paris tailor shop, commending a suit of masculine vestments as "Très *snob;* presque *cad.*" ☞Of what modern fiction could that be said? ☞Vanguard Press announces for fall publication *Letters from the Corsican,* being letters supposedly written by Napoleon Bonaparte to Adolf Hitler.

★ ★

☞We were pleased to learn that Jan Struther, the author of *Mrs. Miniver,* once edited a textbook edition of *Kidnapped* and we ettle to see same. Most worth collecting, to our taste, are the unknown books of well-known writers. ☞Dorothy Bevis, formerly one of the mermaids at Dawson's famous bookshop in Los Angeles, has joined the University of California Press at Berkeley as editorial ass't.

★ ★

☞With our old friend and colleague John T. Winterich we fell back for consolation on linguistic purism. We decided to say *extat,* instead of *extant,* when the subject is singular, *e.g.,* "the greatest Lincoln collection extat." ☞We have been interested to notice, by listening to B.B.C. voices, that English pronunciations are as dubious as our own. Man-pahr, for manpower. ☞We relish unconscious metathesis, such as "Eastren Daylight Time." ☞The ship *Conte Biancamano* bothered even highbrow commentators, who several times called her *Conte Biancamo.*

★ ★

☞The obiters (not obits) of philosophical booksellers are always worth attention. ☞Bill Colescott of Franklin Bookshop, Philadelphia, reports that in spite of trade slack, "we still have lots of fun. For instance, the other day a lady was making every effort to appear erudite. She remarked that she was particularly fond of the works of Zane Grey. I pointed to the shelves and asked her if she had ever read *The Light of Western Stars.* Whereupon she made the following classic remark—"Oh, yes, I think that is marvelous, too, so well written by two fine authors, Grosset and Dunlap." ☞Norman Alexander Hall of Newton Centre, Mass., murmurs "What with lending people copies of Keynes's *Economic Consequences of the Peace* I have hardly time to sell any books."

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